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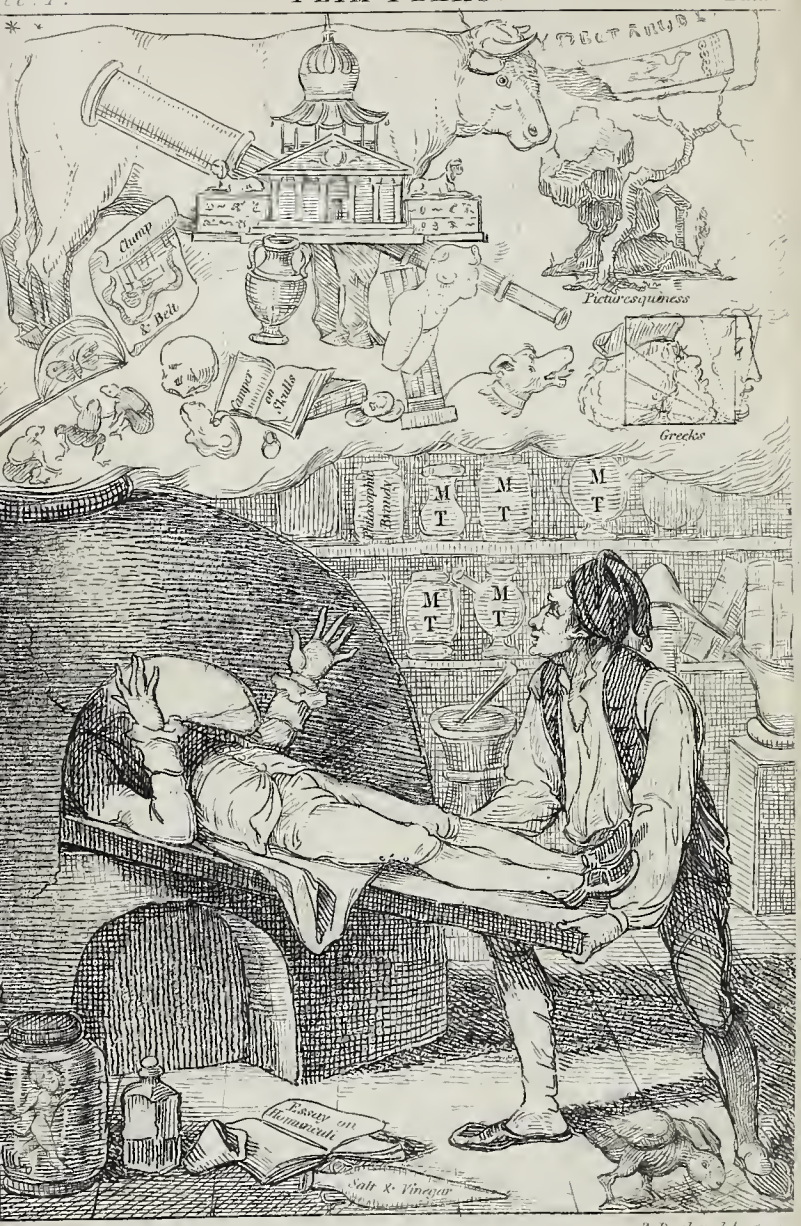
Frontispiece.

Vol. I. FLIM FLAMS. Plate



Baking a Wrong-head.

FLIM-FLAMS!

OR THE

LIFE AND ERRORS

OF

MY UNCLE AND HIS FRIENDS!

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND OBSCURITIES,

BY

MESSIEURS TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

A LITERARY ROMANCE.

"Every thing in this world is big with jest, and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out. Here is the glass for the LITERATI, DILETTANTI, and COGNOSCENTI, to view themselves in, in their true dimensions. O there is a *husk* and *shell*, Yorick, which grows up with LEARNING, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away. SCIENCES may be learned by *rote*, but WISDOM not!"

STERNE.

IN THREE VOLUMES, WITH ELEVEN PLATES.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH MATERIAL ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MURRAY, 32, FLEET STREET.

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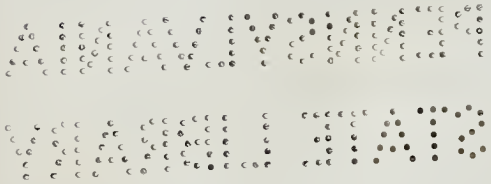

C. Whittingham,
Printer, Dean Street.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATES.

THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE!

THIS fortunate invention of an OVEN to bake a WRONG-HEAD, so as to dissipate into smoke its FLIM-FLAMS, cannot but be well received in this age, by the judicious few. Perhaps modern chemistry may contrive a happier method to bake out, or otherwise disperse them; but at present, it seems rather to pride itself in increasing, than in diminishing their number. Let us now attend to what our ancestors called, the MIND *of the* FRONTISPIECE!

It exhibits, among many curiosities of nature and art, two which yet no pencil has ever pourtrayed, no eye has ever seen—till our sublime artist ventured to attempt them! In the left corner, is one of our author's heroes, in a glass jar; while on the right is that boast of what a Philo calls his "mixture of species" a rabbit-chicken! Above the head of my Uncle, and the oven, fly out, frogs in breeches; butterflies in

110019

flappers; skulls, books, coins, an Etruscan vase, a torso, a gaping dead cur's head, (that is a dead critic galvanised) the scale of the ancient and modern Greek; picturesqueness; a villa Egypto-Greco-Chineso-Moresco; a telescope which, for a wager, can discover a new comet, and a prize ox worth a new comet, to any prime breeder. The drinking horn of Hardyknute, (a Saxonified piece of a chimney corner,) is at the upper part, while in the front ground, between the hero in the glass jar and the rabbit-chicken, is a Roman lachrymatory, with fresh Roman tears, of salt and vinegar! The chemical bottles, arranged on the shelves, bear an inscription by which the artist insinuates that he has no favourable conception of their contents!

PLATE II.—VOL. I. P. 36.

MY UNCLE!

I appeal to every physiognomist, however slight his *tact*, and without his having had any personal acquaintance with the original, whether this must not be a *perfect likeness?* No blundering artist could give that *unity* of the physiognomonical character here so critically exhibited. In ordinary portraits you detect at every feature a discordant characteristic; the broad nose of Wisdom (as Lavater will have the nose of Wisdom) projecting from the inflated

cheek of Folly, or the eyes of Sagacity brilliant over the hanging lips of Stupidity. If a FACE is too small, LAVATER says, it is a sign of weakness and insignificance; if too bulky, it indicates gross stupidity. I leave my Uncle's to the mercy of the world!

Our hero is represented in the act of retreating into a portable philosophical solitude, of his own felicitous invention. His enormous common-place-book heavily presses on a palpitating goose, which he intends plucking. The skulls, half-sawed, depict his expertness in *splitting heads*, as CAMPER did. The ancient emblem of wisdom, an owl's head, decorates his fountain ink-stand; but I own what seems growing out of the head of the owl long baffled the most ingenious conjecture. I now can assure the curious that it is *a pen!* It is a fortunate thing to have to explain the works of *living artists*, as they are always willing to communicate what their things stand for. Who could have imagined this to have been *a pen!* But our great artist, in this instance, has condescended to be a mere copyist, and has authority on his side. Authority, at all times, is a great mollifier of absurdity. In Mr. HAYLEY's Life of COWPER, examine critically the design of the Poet's tomb; tell, if you can, what that is which encompasses the tomb from end to end. Mr. FLAXMAN, in this instance, has not designed for common understandings—nor do we!

PLATE III.—VOL. I. P. 45.

A SCALE OF GENIUS!

We have given this CAMPERIAN SCALE to assist the reader to become modest, which probably he may do, if he will impartially take the exact dimensions of his own head, so rarely practised.—By carrying such a scale of genius about one, we may silence an antagonist; and whom we may not be able to confute, we may at least terrify. The ANCIENT GREEK is the *Grecian Apollo,* and finely contrasts with the MODERN GREEK, *Dr. Græculus!* The reader will observe by the model of a graduated scale, the angle which the *facial line* of the *Apollo* makes to the left of the perpendicular line; and the gradual declension from that to my Uncle!

PLATE IV.—VOL. II. P. 31.

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE!

These certainly require to unbend in harmless relaxations, and are even aided by the most trifling recreations—while at their more solemn labours, the game of BATTLEDORE and SHUTTLECOCK will not unaptly express how the LITERATI are bandied about from one opinion to the other!

PLATE V.—VOL. V. P. 105.

VIRTU IN DANGER.

Not *virtue*, as some English connoisseurs read. I wish the lamp post was out, and the whole did not look so much like Westminster, where, indeed, Mr. DESENFANS says, there is an oven used as the present one was. The strained sublimity of the Italian's flight, in my opinion, is an *extravaganza* perfectly *Fuselisque!*

PLATE VI.—VOL. II. P. 167.

THE HUNTER CAUGHT, AND THE ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR!

Exhibits an unlucky accident to which the Members of the AURELIAN Society are subject; to be caught in their *own flappers!* The likeness of my UNCLE is exquisitely preserved through the gauzy texture, while the solid SECRETARY "*respires*," (though with difficulty) under the needle of the great artist. My Uncle's ventilating hat is in the fore ground.

PLATE VII.—VOL. III. P. 41.

LEMONS! LEMONS!

This *design* is one of the grandest efforts of the human mind! What rivals it? Not all the *diablerie* of Milton, the view of the Pandemonium, which several modern artists, without genius enough for a *devil,* have so insipidly composed. The CONSTABLE has a head, an eye, and a responsibility worthy of the grandeur of his character. But the ideal head of the LUDICROUS GENIUS, with his wig reversed, waving his pantaloon cap, and grasping the amazing LEMON in his hand, are all beyond all praise. One of the critics has a MINSTREL-LIKE appearance. Mark the gorgonfaced CRITIC behind him of whom our divine artist, (as Timanthes exhibited Agamemnon) nearly covers his face from utter despair to paint the *passion* of this character. Ah! could he have ventured on the whole face! terrific as Medusa's head wreathed by curling snakes, the sight would have petrified any modern author! Observe, under a lawyer's wig, a grave square-faced critic—ample justice has been done to his ears—at least as far as lie in our limited power!

PLATE VIII.—VOL. III. P. 125.

AN ELECTRIFIED LOVER!

There is nothing uncommon in this plate, if we except the *subject* and the *execution!*

PLATE IX.—VOL. III. P. 144.

TWO LIGHTS UPON ONE SUBJECT.

My Uncle falling into a philosophical self-supplying cistern, while my future Aunt persists in her experiment on two rays of light. This is one of the numerous sorrows of science, and the want of sympathy and daylight, in the darkened room of a philosophical Amazon!

PLATE X.—VOL. III. P. 170.

GREEK FEELING.

We here behold all that can awaken the rapture of the fine arts, and interest the feelings of an amateur.

The apartment is completely classical. The horned Jupiter Ammon is sublimely placed over my Uncle's head. The Apollo Belvedere, in the niche, has undergone a most valuable improvement since our first edition. The sopha is Egyptian, as appears by the monstrous Sphinxes at the sides. My Aunt's hair-dress is copied from an ancient gem of the Empress PLOTINA, and hangs in wavy grape-like clusters; the back of the head-dress is copied from a bust of SAPPHO, while her Grecian vest is brought down under her stomach, and the sleeves conducted above her shoulders. CONTOUR, with his sketch of a new-

born Venus, is pulling off my Aunt's shoe, and apostrophizing it from Anacreon! My Uncle is as Othello would have been—Jealousy personified! very sharp and pointed, according to the observation of a modern painter, that all violent passions are expressed by angular positions.

PLATE XI.—VOL. I. P. xlii.—APOLOGY.

HEADS OF SENECA AND SCARRON.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

For Plate V.—Vol. V. *read* Plate V.—Vol. II.

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AN

APOLOGY

FOR THE

SECOND EDITION OF FLIM-FLAMS.

BY

MR. BOBTAIL.

THE illustrious AUTHOR of FLIM-FLAMS—is no more! He died of vexation—and laughter! the ingenuity of his critics and his own, afforded him a plentiful source of both.

I am at a loss whether to condole with, or to congratulate the public—for he died during the project of a complete edition of his own and his Uncle's works; exclaiming "more baggage for Posterity!" Have we already encumbered

the latter with too many embarrassments of this kind? But this is left to the consideration of the kindest-hearted race throughout these three kingdoms, honourably distinguished by the title of SUBSCRIBERS! They charitably protect the forlorn hope of literature, and are the occasion of sending books into this world, which otherwise would never be in it. These may yet have our author and his uncle complete, and boast, of *their* elder and younger PLINY—by *subscription!*

It was my singular happiness to have been a *near* neighbour of this enchanting writer. We lived in one of the sweetest solitudes in this great city; yet in the depth of this philosophical retirement, we did not find ourselves removed at any inconvenient distance from the active world—except when our gutters overflowed. We occupied that fortunate situation in the state in which

no man could be put over our heads; ambition, pride, and envy were all beneath us! Nothing on earth separated us—but a slight partition; when the commentator consulted his author, he never grumbled, like others, that he lived at a period too remote from his favourite author. Ah! that all our recent commentators, had commented, under such auspicious circumstances! Then would not the public have paid so dear for notes so cheaply written—on whole syllables, and half verses, new readings, and old extracts; every literary orange is squeezed till the sweetness of the juice, tastes of the rind! My commentary is different! Every where it enriches the mind by the most extraordinary events, the most incredible truths, the most curious quotations! Of my associates Messieurs Tag and Rag, it behoves me to be silent—from indignation! They say we commentators are a quarrelsome family—but is it

strange, that a beggarly crew, should have bickerings, while they contend who is to wear the only whole shirt in the corporation!

Summoned by our author, I found him lying on his hard pallet; a CRITICAL—an ANTI-JACOBIN —and an IMPERIAL Review on his napless rug. The whole presented a scene of the perfect misery of an unlucky author!

He held in his hand a most scurrilous treatise by the great and greasy SCIOPPIUS—that heavy boor, who wanting skill to shoot a pointed arrow, could however fling a brick-bat. It was a critical piece of natural history "On the rare and eminent qualities of the ASSES *of this age!*"

"Bobtail!" (cried he)—"I cannot give the

last spirited touches to my Uncle! *I am dying* with laughter *!"

* Many consider our author, as being very innocent of occasioning many deaths of this nature. They complain, that he is much *too grave*. Whether he had talents to excite grosser merriment, I will not positively assert, though I consider our author to have been one of the universal geniuses; like an "admirable Crichton," who could fence with a fiddle-stick, or fiddle with a rapier; or a Picus of Mirandola, who (it is said) was born with a ball of fire rolling in his mother's bed-chamber; such gentlemen we sometimes meet walking about this great town, masters of all the arts and sciences—at the ROYAL INSTITUTION!

Things of themselves perfectly ridiculous, require little aid from the imagination to make them more so. They are told and put together—and if the reader cannot enter into their spirit, it is then as much the reader's fault, at least, as the author's.

But there are *two kinds of* LAUGHTER; audible laughter is excited by what is purely ludicrous; "The Musical Travels of Joel Collier," the burlesque writings of Scarron, and Voltaire, produce what has been termed *animal laugh-*

"This" (I told him) "was a fortunate prognostic for the work"—but I cautiously removed

tar: The *Epistolæ obscurorum virorum*, a most facetious flim-flam played off on fat monks and their fat books—had a surprising effect on the gentle ERASMUS—The book threw him into such a fit of laughter that it burst an abscess he had in his face, and just in time saved him from the lancet! Bayle enquires, "ought not this circumstance to be put among the examples of the great benefit of *study?*" —Certainly!—of FLIM-FLAMS! But Hudibras, the Tale of a Tub, Martinus Scriblerus, and the character of Don Quixote, rarely produce this laughter; the risible emotion excited by wit and humour, is distinguished by Dr. BEATTIE who calls it *sentimental laughter*. This ingenious critic observes, "the most admirable performances in wit and humour are not always the most laughable." On LUDICROUS COMPOSITION, *p.* 402: Are not many of the topics in the present work related as *ridiculous*, not always *laughable?* I say thus much for our late author, who has perhaps been heavily censured for not performing what he never intended, or what the task he had inflicted on himself did not always permit.

"In every work regard the *writer's end*,
"Since none can compass more than they intend!"

the diatribe of the greasy Scioppius out of his hand, lest the dance of criticism, might spoil the temper of a laughing author.

"Cervantes," (I continued) "while writing Don Quixote, frequently, as you say, died with laughter—so that the grave dizzards in his family, Critical, Anti-jacobin, and Imperial! attempted to prove an act of lunacy in that most serio-comic work—but Cervantes appealed to all Madrid, with some satisfaction—*in a new edition!*"

While I was speaking, our author was no more! What a delicate matter is an author's life! 'Tis gone in five minutes! I grasped his sketch-book; I discovered *one of his projects!*—and immediately my grief was loud—but it was sincere—I mourned over the skeleton of an immortal work.

The dead author quietly turned to me! "I can perceive (he observed) "you regret I did not live to give the world my "golden legend"—worth that of the 'Lives of the Saints,' containing one thousand and one droller stories and wilder inventions —all written for the honour of foolery! Yet if you really want more of me, *galvanise!* Our publisher is an expert literary galvaniser, and if any professor can, he knows the art of making *a dead author* MOVE!"

"He dies with an addendum in his mouth!" I exclaimed. Not one of Galvani's frogs, is more tenacious of vitality than a dead author! You cannot persuade them they are positively dead, when all the world knows they are. They give their last puff of breath for their works.

"Do you think," (cried the dead author) "I

am off, without a fling at the dunces?" He scratched under his right ear very thoughtfully, put on his Uncle's philosophical cap, and in a very lively mournful manner spoke out.

"May God amend my condition!" crieth the patient Persian to his critics in his "Tales of a Parrot."

"My FLIM-FLAMS * were designed as the child of Pleasantry and Banter. The honey-moon be-

* Although this word cannot boast a classical purity, and is not in Johnson nor in Ash, yet it is in the "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," signifying, "idle stories, and sham stories, and lies. It is to amuse, to deceive, and to hum!" It is idiomatic; genuine English, and adopted by Baretti in his Dictionary. I consider it as a pearl picked up from a dunghill; and I have heard an accomplished actress of genius, though a vulgar woman, employ it with the happiest effect. May I be as fortunate!

The word is common with our elder play-writers—thus—

tween Author and Bookseller was one of the sweetest we have had for many a year!

"Anciently books were read by those who understood them—and a new book did not get among a wrong class of readers—but as it is a reading world now, an author fares worse in his fame, but better in his purse.

"I addressed a certain part of the initiated, the sensible, and candid; these never conceived that science or art were degraded, because the snipish-headed heroes and heroines, who crowd themselves under their banners, had their philosophical caps turned, by me, upside down*. Shall

"Ay, gentlewoman! do you think I regard your *flim-flam story* o' th' church?" cries the aunt to Leonora, in act 3d, of Sir Courtly Nice, by J. Crown, 1685.

* The Critical Reviewer, so bluff and grave, saith,

they be quietly allowed to sacrifice on one great altar of CONCEIT; convert lecture-rooms into

"This author pretends to expose the licentiousness of the language of amateurs in every art and science, or as he *barbarously* styles them 'PHILOS—of any thing.' As to the pruriency of these terms of science, if they are correctly quoted, why are they quoted at all?" One reason why, is to make such a dizzard as yourself "blunder about a *meaning*."

The BRITISH CRITIC declares that the author *not unhappily* calls a certain class of persons—"PHILOS—of any thing!" They say "the topics for satire are throughout *admirably well chosen*." I wished they approved of the *execution* of an excellent *design* as much as *our author!*—"If he had been gifted with the wit and humour of Sterne (whom by the bye he has *not imitated*) his book would have been an *invaluable treasure*." Depend on it, reader! the book is a *treasure!*

The IMPERIALISTS do not know what to make of the work; we boast of a complete triumph over them! they surrender at discretion.

"*We believe* the author's design is *satirical*, and that he

morning lounges, and follow any science, which is fashionable, for the week? The philosophical Amazon lays an astronomical quadrant among the 'Olympian dews,' in her commode—holds a chit-chat on a new comet—and sits like an ecstatic Sybil at a tea-table!

"But a heavier charge was brought forwards, with respect to flim-flamming men of genius—

means to expose the *absurdities* of his contemporaries! In the *notes* we found a strange assemblage of *names*, but how they came there, or in what paroxysm of mental disorder they were thus huddled together is a problem they confess they cannot solve!"

The CRITICAL and IMPERIAL Reviews are conjectured to have been written by *friends* of our author, who, to make the work sell very quickly, abused it very soundly—and in both respects, considering *what talents* were employed, succeeded to admiration!—However there are other critics, to whom our author owes his thanks. What an age we live in! a *little candour*, may be considered *as a great favour!*

This is their own peculiar enjoyment! The Dunces only, those '*Tartuffes*' of genius, take the alarm! These live by the profession of genius, but with as little of it, as some hypocrites of Religion, who, however, are usually foremost to call out for fire and faggots!

"Do we not every day observe the Antiquary bantering his brother Antiquary; the Picturesquists raillying their rivals; does not the Geologist smile at the results of his own calculations? Do not Metaphysicians hold terrible logomachies? Do not the Chemists laugh in one another's faces, scarred by their own discoveries? Do not the Mechanists confess, that nine-tenths of their inventions, are no inventions at all? As for the race of Virtuosi, emphatically termed *Collectors*,—they shrug their shoulders at one another—yet, Heaven knows! I have been a

strenuous collector myself, as far as my credit would serve me on *tick !*

" Revolve the works of the finest geniuses of this age—it is perpetual flim-flamming! SPALLANZANI flim-flams LINNÆUS; and an excellent naturalist observes, ' the greatest naturalist was one of the most credulous of philosophers.' BONNET flim-flams LEIBNITZ, ' who had so many things in his head, that they issued in a crowd, tumultuously as he wrote; anecdotes, proverbs, images, allusions, quotations, digressions, satire, hypothesis, and what not; and the reader who has not the author's head, wanders in a perpetual maze.' DARWIN flim-flammed BONNET, declaring ' his germes are like the cups of a conjuror.' FALCONET flim-flams WINKELMAN; the latter discovered a gem, which with the wild eye of an enthusiast he asserts presents the *five* Theban heroes; on which

discovery he raises a handsome hypothesis—behold, FALCONET declares there are only *four;* namely, two punchinellos, and two baboons, by which he spoils WINKELMAN's fine story and fine gem! Mr. FUSELI flim-flams FALCONET, and very distinctly describes him as 'a coxcomb, a fool, and finally an ass.' Mr. REPTON flim-flams PRICE; KNIGHT flim-flams BURKE! Sir JOHN HILL, a very zealous naturalist himself, flim-flammed the ROYAL SOCIETY, in his '*Lucina sine concubitu;*' The eloquent and learned Mr. DRUMMOND, in his 'Academical Questions,' has lately flim-flammed all our metaphysicians; but he himself must pay the public tax which Genius imposes on Genius, and be hereafter himself flim-flammed!

"Men of genius are all cuppers and bleeders to one another; a scarification is no wound; it only lets out a little of that too rich blood which

will then circulate the purer. To them we may apply this anecdote!—When TAMERLANE beheld BAJAZET brought in chains, looking steadfastly on him, he broke into a hearty laugh! The imperial prisoner was grave and sour, and reprimanded his facetious rival. 'Oh!' replied TAMERLANE, '*you take matters* TOO SERIOUSLY! Is it not laughable, my brother, that we who are really *in our way* first-rate personages, and make so much noise in the world, should after all be such a *squinter* as you, and such a *halting cripple* as myself?'

"Not from Genius, whose indulgence I claim, have I been so scurrilously treated—but I expected much abuse from the dull and troublesome family of the WRONGHEADS, for my Uncle's head, seemed to reflect on that unquiet race.

"The most numerous class of people who have attacked me at all points, have been those whom *I do not know;* ladies and gentlemen *I never saw, or heard of!* These have misapplied my characters, and turned even the grotesque inventions of my Proteus-artist, into libels. One condemned the work for being too long, but another declared it wanted amplification; some complained the incidents were meagre; others, that these deprived them of the Notes, for which (and they were not mistaken) the work was written. Some wished there had been nothing but narrative—these wanted a novel! Some considered the Text redundant—these wished for a book of memorandums!

"On the early publication of Flim-Flams, those booksellers who are the organs of their literary coteries, and who, (Heaven defend us!)

are commanders in chief of certain Reviews—declared, that 'Every body and every thing were *abused* in it!' One, would not suffer the volumes to shew their fresh blooming countenances on the table at his literary seraglio of maiden-publications; while another had the intrepidity of soul to refuse selling a book, by which, had he possessed less nonsensical feelings, he might have lived like an Alderman for a week! The nephew of a philosophical lady said, that he understood *his* Aunt was my heroine! while my Uncle found a likeness, even to his words and *look*, in many respectable families!

" It may amuse to notice how ingeniously malice can go to work—Among other plates I fix on the one entitled *The Pursuits of Literature!* It was at first conceived to give a true portrait of the unknown author of a celebrated work; but

my Uncle's figure at the end of the week was found out to be too tall! The library being circular, and my Uncle's secretary equally so, it was for some time reported to be designed for the library and person of a man of letters, who in every respect is certainly in good case. Another rumour succeeded more menacing to my peace; it was said, that the whole was intended as a reflection on the Deans of St. Paul's! the discoverer affirmed that at times they play at *battledore and shuttlecock* in their *library!* Nay, the amours of my Aunt were conceived to be a scandalous chronicle; yet what so innocent as the *amours* of two *amateurs!* a raging passion for—an Apollo Belvedere, or the tip of the ear of a certain Minerva!

" My situation now was like that of a certain artist, who having fallen blind, was usually seated

at his door; he still retained an habitual pleasure in the practice of his art, and with some dexterity of hand traced grotesque figures on the sand before his door. The passengers stopt to observe him; at times he got an honest commendation, but sometimes he heard a hiss, and more than once got a cuff. Innocent soul! the latter surprised him, and finding in what a ticklish world he stood, he complained to a neighbour. This clear-sighted friend replied, 'I am astonished you have a whole bone left in your skin! Here you stand all day, drawing in public a number of grotesque figures. The very thing which makes one man laugh, makes another grave. When you draw a gentleman with a peaked cap and a long ear, gentlemen who wear caps and ears of this sort will be sure to pull your's about your head; and when you caricature a long nose, depend on a fillip from that race!'—'Then' (cried the

unlucky artist) 'the amusement that deceived my solitary hours must be given up to tranquillise blundering fools; for all mine are but *chance-likenesses*—I never *saw* them'!"

I now felt my author was becoming very tedious, and I reminded him of his indecent situation; perhaps he might be talking, at a time when he ought to have been buried and forgotten.

"I shall not so soon be forgotten as you imagine,"—he proceeded.—"One more story, and then I will trust my character—to the second edition!

"To the proper understanding of a Flim-Flam, trust me, good-sense and good-nature are largely required; a taste for true humour, flows indeed

from liberal feelings and generous natures, and enables one man to applaud that, which another so ferociously condemns; it seems, indeed, as a great wit asserts, to be given by God*. Genius quarrels with no jester, Gravity is stupified at a joke! The great Dr. Clarke, in the midst of one of his favourite literary recreations with some congenial spirits,—and which consisted of leaping over tables and chairs—when

* There is so little true feeling in the herd of the world, that I wish I could have got an act of parliament when Tristram Shandy first appeared that none but wise men should look into the work. It is too much to write *books* and find *heads* to understand them!"

Sterne's Letters, cxxv.

"It is not in the power of every one to taste humour, however he may wish it; it is the gift of God: and a true feeler always brings half the entertainment along with him."

Letter cxxv.

he observed a square-capped and square-headed fellow coming on them drowsily, with his professional gravity, which wrapt him over like a rusty black cloak—the Doctor exclaimed, 'No jokes now, my friends! here comes a Fool!'—*i. e.* a WRONG-HEAD *!"

Observing me a little restless, and anxious for his death, he said,—"That is not the anecdote I promised;—you have it now!

"Our king EDWARD III. was a passionate lover of puddings; and his pudding-maker, who was his *protegé*, was a loyal subject, and one who only solicitous of what he put into his master's mouth, cared nothing concerning what came out of it. King EDWARD flim-flammed him with his

* See an admirable letter to one of these WRONG-HEADS by Sterne, Letter vi.

privy nips, witty scoffs, quips, quiddities, and merry conceits—and his Majesty grew jolly.

"But a certain CRITICAL REVIEWER—as heavy a cart-horse as ever dragged at the great waggon of Dullness—was his Majesty's premier. He began to hesitate in tasting his Majesty's puddings, curled his nose, and swore a great oath at a small pudding! The Minister formed a party against the puddings; and the maker, who was a philosophical kind of a gentleman, well knew that no pudding could stand this—so he got the *promise* of a pension, and retired from court—but of this promised *otium cum dignitate* he never received a stiver.

"All the *bon-hommie* of good King EDWARD went off with his honest pudding-maker. His Majesty sulked, kept the minister three hours

standing, at the signing of every dispatch, and at last kicked at this CRITICAL REVIEWER of his puddings.

"The pudding-maker hearing how it fared with such dizzards, thanked Heaven that all sense and humanity were not exiled with himself from court; and offered to send his Sovereign—A COURT PUDDING!

"This Court-pudding was served in—'twas of an amazing magnitude, and they eyed it with rapture. His Majesty called for his carver; he dashed his knife through it—and let out the AIR! It was but an immense bladder covered with a delicate paste, finely powdered with "clowes, canell, gingiber, and gilofré," all the richest spices possible, but it was hollow! Now were

they all in a rage; the Minister swore it was a most shameful flim-flam played on his Majesty!

"The King, who had no bad opinion of the ingenuity of his pudding-maker, drily observed, he had no doubt *there was something in it!*—There was; some verses, good enough for the purpose, importing, that a courtier's promise—is a bladder-pudding!

"The honest souls laughed! but the CRITICAL REVIEWER and his party considered the flim-flam as personal, and earnestly beseeched his Majesty would consent to have the pudding-maker grilled *! The King shook his head at such a rabid

* The CRITICAL REVIEW for February, 1805, saith of our delectable author thus: "This author has fallen into a nest of wasps, which wasps, if they do their duty, will *sting*

wolf, and desired the fellow would get himself baptized, for he could not have yet in his blood one drop of Christianity.—As for the flim-flam, his Majesty commended the joke, and actually sent an intimation to the pudding-maker—to *make more puddings for Windsor!*

So you may learn by this, as I said before, good-sense and good-nature never quarrel with a flim-flam, are never alarmed, and can laugh with the jester.—My LITERARY SATURNALIA has closed *! I claimed the privilege of wearing

him without compassion." Bless the man! He has put his dirty heart in his pen, and spurted the whole pen-full into my author's sweet face.

* This was a Roman festival kept every December for a few days, in which the *slaves* were permitted to say and act whatever they willed; and ridicule their *masters* to their faces, for whatever faults their *lownesses* recollected.

my Uncle's philosophical cap for a day—and now I would return with humility and obedience—to MY MASTERS! The dizzards I defy; yet if ever I have hurt the right feeling of an honest man, (here with great dignity he solemnly took off his philosophical cap) thus publicly do I ask his pardon. WISDOM and PLEASANTRY may, however, look one another in the face with affectionate cordiality—observe the two admirable heads above me! I would at times be as moral as SENECA, but perhaps more sincere; and as comic as SCARRON, though the merriest devil on earth can never be more sincere than that honest laugher!"

Here our Author was suddenly seized with a *delirium of vanity!* but I drop a tear over the ravings of a dying author! He pointed out the very many passages which he swore were per-

fectly ridiculous, and reasonably well performed; and declared he bequeathed a legacy to the present generation, of which they had not yet had the like! In a word, I was astonished at the exalted conceit of his own talents; he went off in one clap of laughter, and seemed to *die perfectly satisfied with himself!*

On his tombstone, I have ordered to be engraven this French verse:

Je n'ai pas entrepris de plaire à TOUS LES SOTS!

*** *THIS Work has been attributed to various writers, of very opposite characters. We sympathise with their vexation —while we request the curious to pause on the* magnitude *of such stupendous works as* FLIM-FLAMS!—*like the* PYRAMIDS *of Egypt, or our own* STONEHENGE, *no one will ever know* HOW *such vast masses were put together, nor (still more provoking!)* WHO *reared the enormous fabrics! They stand entire amidst the desolations of time, and the baffled enquirer turns away in awe and wonder!*

PREFACES!

As a banter on "MODERN PHILOSOPHIES," this furnishes a curious *history* of the *extravagancies of the human mind*; were it *merely imaginary*, it would be worth nothing at all.

Dr. JOHNSON *on the* HERMIPPUS REDIVIVUS *of Dr.* CAMPBELL.

CHILDREN in all ages have been suddenly quieted, and frightened *into* their senses by some terrifying *nursery word*. With the French 'tis a *loup-garou*; and with us, among a variety of nick-names, it is a *buga-boo*, or *raw-head and bloody bones*; and, to recur to a more ancient authority, the Romans had their *Manducus**.

* *Manducus* was a name given by the Romans to certain *extravagant figures*, or *actors*, to *divert* some,

I feel a laudable desire that no one should consider my UNCLE (whose unhappy life I am about to write) *as a philosophical Manducus*—I consider him as a peerless character, the Sir Charles Grandison, or the Amadis de Gaul of the world of scientific romance—All *had been great* about him had his HEAD not proved *too small!* and therefore, though I hold him out as an *example*, he may also be considered as a *warning!* He fell a victim to the *deliramenta doctrinæ*; the wild speculations of the learned! Is it for me *ridere* and *deridere?* I record adventures more true than credible; modern historians practise the reverse, but they write more for their own, than their reader's profit. Mine is a

and to *frighten* others. They wore a whitened face, bloated cheeks, a gaping mouth, and long sharp teeth, with which they kept up a *strange rattling* noise. JUVENAL (Sat. III. v. 174.) tells us that children were much afraid of them, though even lying on the bosom of their mother!

narrative of the sufferings of Science; the disasters of universal Curiosity; and the small profits arising from certain Experiments on air and vapour!

As for his friends, I call them PHILOS *: I attribute to them, and their

"Whims of a DAY, and theories of an HOUR!"
TICKELL.

my inheriting nothing more than a *philosophical cap* and a *fountain ink-horn!* If they think I mean to badger, to banter, and to stultify them, they will no doubt be *frightened*, and buy up this edition. But if they are *diverted*, they will probably not object

* Some have discriminated among modern philosophers a certain race by the term *Philosophists*, for their profundity and discoveries in *Theology* and *Politics*. But I am writing of *other kinds* of philosophers, curious dilettanti, who are in love with every thing, but least with these. I adopt the concise and expressive term PHILO, which means *a lover of*—ANY THING!

to my tickling their fancies, and clarifying their understandings by my improved manner of *Godwinising !*

I must acknowledge an unavoidable objection against my work—it is overloaded and oppressed, as it were, with *truths upon truths !* The life of my Uncle too is a kind of "family biography." How many worthy souls, even the soul of the writer himself, will be cut to the quick ! I am not chary in weighing matters to my Reader ; not a palliation is offered ! not a fact disguised ! Had my UNCLE had but one eye, you would have had his full face, though there are other miniature painters, who would have tricked you with a profile.

TACITUS never composed his father-in-law's life with the impartial spirit I do the Memoirs of my Uncle ; no mother's milk flows into my ink and sweetens it ! Never has PLINY noticed his uncle's works with that

true criticism I do my uncle's. If I am not so indulgent to my uncle's great book as PLINY, have I inherited so great a villa?—Where there is a difference between legacy and legacy, the same will ever be between nephew and nephew.

I am sensible a writer gets but scurvily thanked when he pours out his *truths* as fast as he gets them, and as if he wished to get rid of them, like a heap of crab-apples. One *Guiot de Provins* wrote a book concerning his own times, which containing nothing but *truths*, he thought there was no harm in calling this book *Guiot's* BIBLE! But it was all bedevilled with the most peppering satire, and so tickled the throats of the grave and prosing *reverendissimi* of his day, that there arose an universal outcry. And I dare conjecture that were I to write A NEW TESTAMENT—that is, a continuation of *Guiot's* BIBLE—I should have at my heels all the lit-

tle dirty devils of controversy! The world, in spite of all its revolutions, being just as it was in *Guiot*'s time!

TO THE READER!

In what degree are the HOT, the MOIST, and the DRY kneaded up in your animal frame? If you can determine on this with any tolerable accuracy, I could tell you in what manner these anomalous Memoirs are to be written, and whether they will suit your temperament. For want of a proper understanding on this point we have many bickerings and heart-burnings. A *hot genius* over the cool work of a *dry writer* becomes *hard and harder* to please at every page, as cold water thrown over heated iron indurates it still more! But when the *dry writer* meets with a *dry reader*, a proper understanding

immediately takes place; like two owls, they enjoy the moon-light of the mind!

A preface is the cradle of a book, 'tis the first stage of existence between reader and author. The old *month nurse** of an author stands by the young reader, chaunting a lullaby! Some of my ancestors ridiculously stood melting in the mouths of their readers the liquorish confectionary of a candied preface. 'Twas ever "most gentle!" or "right courteous!" We had a BISHOP in our family, who, in his preface to a Welch bible, made an *apology* to James Ist. for *preferring* the Deity—to his Majesty! For the bishopric of Durham, would I not have kissed hands on the occasion!

It was my wish to have published my book —*without a* TITLE! I have observed that a

* Lord Orford says, "Most men write now, as if they expected that their works should live no more than A MONTH!" RAG.

TITLE is sure to breed much ill blood between an author and his readers! We live in such a philosophical age that our books require no titles; the world can discover by their own perspicacity, the nature of a work, in the work itself. But then, my publisher, who assured me that I should have 40,000 readers, requested me not to fly thus openly into the face of the world, so madly without my hat on my head—and merely to prevent family quarrels, about the subject of my Menippean satire, to prefix a modest title.

Now all this I did in the first edition, and I thought that when the book was written and my title prefixed—there was an end of all things!

But I was not so wild in my conjecture as was imagined. I have found that there are not wanting readers, who, as soon as they have caught up an author's *title*, instantly write off in their minds *a book of their own!*

They are all in rapture with their *invisible volume*; and when they come to place the author's real work by the side of this, its *chimerical rival*, the comparison is fatal to him! So that a pugh! a pish! and a pshaw! points their criticism.

An author now a days has to answer for two kinds of nonsense; he must write off his reader's, as well as his own! They will clap their faggots into his bundle though the unhappy man is sinking under his own weight. He must write up—or write down—to the fancy of his reader; he must not be too clear for the eagle-eyed, nor too dim for the purblind; but above all he must gratify the reader's solitary taste, whatever whim that may be.

But trust me, 'tis but a poor mind that reads all books with the same disposition, and like honest John at a *table d'hote* has no notion of the variety and refinement of the

cookery so studiously placed before him—Alas! the poor man sits growling all the while for his favourite household dish.

TO THE

COMMENTATORS OF SHAKSPEARE, MILTON,

&c. &c. &c.

As this piece of literary biography will enevitably contain many covert meanings, recondite anecdotes, and obscure facetiæ, with quips and flouts equally pungent and argute, and other high and mysterious matters, which have been hitherto kept up in silence from the popular ear, I do not object in due time, that ye should sharpen yourselves on my text,—provided, that ye do not hinder my fooleries from being read, by the more copious nature of your own *.

* In our last edition of Shakspeare, we pushed it on to 21 volumes, and, thank the gods! all is not

yet done!—They now want an edition, *without notes!!!*

In the present extraordinary work we have come to several extraordinary resolutions. Of obscure passages, we have studiously avoided any notice, and left them as dark as we found them; for whatever needed no explanation, afforded us "ample room and verge enough," and these we have very copiously illustrated.

We have desisted from giving any imitations of *words*, or *phrases*, which some have called our *so-so notes;* from their usually commencing with, *so* Decker! *so* Marston! *so* Jonson!

We have promised not to write any notes on certain trivial matters, merely to convert them into bawdry, which MR. STEEVENS did under the *nom de guerre* of *Collins*. For a curious specimen of these notes, see a very copious one subscribed *Collins*, at the end of Troilus and Cressida; the subject is *potatoes*, but it ramifies into very interesting particularities, concerning cock-sparrows, venereal motions, strengthening the back, &c.

We have consented not to throw ourselves out too freely in reciprocal abuse, nor otherwise indulge our wit, or our ingenuity.

We shall be chary of MR. MALONE, notwithstanding no one can be more sensible than ourselves of his *astonishing*, though *minute* discoveries, which have so much enriched, and indeed overwhelmed English literature. His *poetical criticism* is as infallible

as the *multiplication table*, or *subtraction* can make them!

For instance, JOHNSON had said, CONGREVE wrote his plays before he had passed his *twenty-fifth year*. Now MR. MALONE has profoundly investigated this bold assertion, and has fortunately discovered, after great fatigue and hard reading, that he was in his *twenty-eighth year!*—clearly proving that Johnson's Criticism wants 3!

But one of the most astonishing instances of human sagacity, is the singular discovery MR. MALONE has made respecting a servant-maid of Milton.

This maid, it seems, deposes, in his nuncupative will, that he died late at night on a *Sunday*, about a month preceding her giving evidence in that cause; it was on Sunday, 15th November.—Good!

Now Milton was buried on the 12th! From this accurate statement MR. MALONE has discovered, (we believe very correctly,) that this maid *mistook a week in her reckoning!*

TAG, RAG, AND BOBTAIL.

This trio of commentators (who, as I have told the world in my Preface to Chaucer's Life would not put their whole collections or stock in trade at my free disposal, when writing that Life, for which, as Queen Elizabeth would have sworn, God eternally confound them!) seem to be insensible to the nature of the above important *discovery*. It is impossible to misconstrue the cautious language of MR. MALONE,

To *have mistaken her reckoning by a week,* might have proved of very serious consequences, if the maid was (as I *conjecture,*) pregnant.—If (as I *imagine,*) she was with-child by MILTON, it is an important event to literature.—I have some *notion* of discovering a MILTON JUNIOR! I shall properly investigate this circumstance in the close of the fifth volume of my forth-coming Life of *Milton the Father,* which, with *Shakspeare* and *Chaucer,* and perhaps *Spenser,* may occupy an entire new shelf in any country gentleman's library. They will contain a great deal more than he will expect, or even care to find; for provided an ENQUIRER is paid by the sheet, it is indifferent to him what he *enquires* about. He does not write (as I have told the world) because he is intimately acquainted with the subject, but he picks up an acquaintance with the subject, as he proceeds in writing; so that when I have *finished* my work, I *begin* to *understand* it a little!

CACO-NOUS.

MR. CACO-NOUS's notion of *literary composition* perfectly agrees with the idea a very keen judge had of the literature of his day.

"He rubs his awful front and takes his ream
With no provision made, but of his theme!
Perhaps a TITLE has his fancy smit;
Or a quaint MOTTO which he thinks has wit."

YOUNG's EPISTLE ON THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BOBTAIL.

BOBTAIL ought to have added a specimen of the art of writing history, without any fact to go on; and describing a character, without perhaps any such person having existed! CACO-NOUS has done this, as follows.

"CHAUCER was eight years a suitor to his lady; PROBABLY the same he afterwards married. *A number of traits of disposition may be deduced from this anecdote!* It could never have belonged to a person of a fiery and hot-brained temperament"—(there I differ; one must have a good deal of fire in one to last during a courtship of eight years;) "it could never have belonged to a man dissipated, fickle, and inconstant. Such things have been related of persons of feeble understandings and emasculate character."—(The reader trembles for Chaucer under the balancing pen of MR. GODWIN!)—"But in a man of CHAUCER'S FORCE it marks only POSITIVE CHOICE." What *kind of choice* this is, I know not; but I imagined how it would end! No man writes two quarto volumes to point epigrams against his hero. Me or you, beloved reader, MR. GODWIN would have emasculated.

Life of Chaucer, Vol. II. p. 569, 4to.

TO THE CRITICS!

I WISH ye all had (for I am not vindictive!) a *fistula* somewhere, so that ye could not "*sit down*," (as ye phrase it,) so coolly and so periodically to whirl about the caps and bells of my Knights of Foolery, mobbing us holiday writers!—or at least a *fistula lacrymalis*, so that every page ye write were written, as such malicious pages ought to be, with tears (penitential I mean) in your eyes!

Not that I am without some remains of humanity towards your race.—But you ought to be reminded that the great ancestor of the whole family of the MALEVOLI, venerable ZOILUS, was either burnt, or crucified, or stoned—in such a magnificent style did the ancients treat their REVIEWERS!

I have no quarrel with you, but ye are

such a motley kind of gentry, that if I speak truth I shall displease; and if I please, I shall not speak truth.

What a pity it is, you can never be any thing in this world but a WHALE-LOUSE!—created to feast on the fat of a great sea-genius, and to retain your hold in spite of all his efforts to disengage himself from your adhesion *.

Sometimes, when ye teaze us least offensively, ye are MICE-CRITICS! hungering after the chance crumbs that fall from the

* The WHALE-LOUSE is a small testaceous (perhaps testy) creature, which insinuates itself under the fins of that powerful animal, and is *attached* to him through life. There are also *small Zoiluses*, who will fasten on the *fry of literature*—so terrible a gorger is Malice! These may be compared to *the louse of a louse*. A naturalist assures me, that even the *smallest creatures* have still *smaller creatures* to torment them; so that even such animated specks as *mites* and *maggots* do not lead such confortable lives as some imagine.

rich table of a man of genius. Bless your painful endeavours! may ye all meet with less scurvy rewards*!

But, ere we part, allow me to entertain you with a *mouse anecdote.*

Once, over a statue of Minerva, a sculptor hung a veil exquisitely wrought in marble; Art's learned finger had touched the folds! This circumstance of its appearing the very

* Some only get *thanked* for their pains!—Seldom, however, by the authors they review! The late Mr. *Robertson,* a sensible man, wrote an "Essay on Punctuation;" he could point words, but not epigrams—another on "English Versification," and knew every thing concerning it; but one thing he did not know—to write a couplet! He squeezed 3000 critical lemons (it sets one's teeth on edge!) for he declares in his latter Essay, that "he is the author of near 3000 articles in the CRITICAL REVIEW, forming a *considerable part* of 42 *volumes,* from August 1764, to September 1785." His literary small punch was much too acid for BLAIR and GIBBON.—Vide their articles. I have seen this Longinus, when he drank his porter, to keep it fresh, cover his pot with his own "Essay on the Sublime."

thing it was designed to appear, induced the MICE to begin their grave labours—but the matter proved too hard! They nibbled at the marble, and cracked their small white teeth!

TO THE ROW *!

IN this work I have at heart the interest and honour of *Parnassus*, of which I have at length discovered the *concealed spot*. Some critical cynics affirm that the *modern* is not the *ancient Parnassus;* but except a change in the manner of *conducting business*, they will not find it easy to convince us that we are not the legal heirs of the ancients, and

* *Paternoster Row*—the fair offspring of modern literature. THE ROW, is a familiar and endearing name given to this pet by the partial fondness of its affectionate parents the booksellers. THE ROW ought to be now synonymous to the more ancient *Grub Street*. We have done them some service.

TAG AND RAG.

that the spot on which we reside is not an estate duly descending into our possession, and a capital for us to trade on.

The *lyre of Apollo* itself was not so miraculous a thing as a *goose quill* in THE ROW!

With this hollow instrument in your hands you can *blow all kinds of music*—provided the piper is paid!

With this in your hands, you offer the world *peace* or *war;*—the *feather* tickles, the *point* stabs!

Over the Alexandrian library was inscribed, "The medicine of the mind." Considering then the literature of THE ROW, as so much *physic*,—is not this instrument the *syringe* by which we are sometimes compelled to squirt it?

An abominable calumny has spread abroad, that *the whole* ROW is destitute of morality; we are declared to be a republic of vagrants,

as covetous as Jews, and as unsettled as Gypsies, and they might add, that we labour and drudge as so many plantation Negroes.

It shall be my humble endeavour to convince the world of our *Morality*—of our patriotic views by the pamphlets we put forth; of our ardour in the great cause of liberty, in the election speeches we vociferate*; of our honourable fidelity, in the inviolable secresy we observe concerning all secret money we receive; and, in a word, by that prompt zeal

* An orator of this class lately distinguished himself in a county town by the Stentorian force of his brazen lungs; and he was so *noisy*, that he actually was gaining the mob over to his employer, when the adverse party perceiving the effect of *noise*, hired a rival to face our orator whenever he began his harangue. This rival prevailed! he repeatedly struck on a *Chinese Gong!* every stroke was distinctly heard two miles off. This was fatal to the eloquence of our orator of the Row, who was compelled to quit the town, as his capricious admirers had entirely forsaken him, preferring the *Gong!*

shewn in the defence of the party we adopt, going all lengths with them,—no men feeling more anxious than ourselves—for *quarter day!*

We are ungenerously reproached for having no CONSCIENCE. Where is conscience placed? Our adversaries will tell you, in the HEART; for my part I am clear it lies in the STOMACH! I have long observed, that *conscience* is greater or less, as that part of us is better or worse filled. Few can doubt this! Is it wonderful, then, that *conscience* cannot be found in *an empty stomach?*

Rather than abuse us for being utterly deprived of *conscience*, let them admire the *intrepidity* we have frequent occasion to display; yes, our *intrepidity*, I repeat! Has not THE ROW its *martyrs?* No *prison* can change our *principles;* no *pillory* can raise a *blush* on our cheek! a starved mouse, my friends! is as bold as a lion!

I further hope that my well meant attempt to display the flourishing state of the various TRADES and MANUFACTURES, carrying on in THE ROW, will convince the world that our most laborious artisans, notwithstanding all their nail-blood and brain-sweat*, are

* Our author feels too strong partialities for his saints in THE ROW. I do not conceive that their expenditure of *blood* and *sweat* deserves this respectful notice. They rather pride themselves on the *facility* and *celerity* of their works; and as it is usually *piece-work*, they only estimate the value by the quantity they can put out of hand. The most celebrated manufacturers in THE ROW work by a *Spinning Jenny*, which has occasioned some jealousies and disturbances. Both HORACE and PERSIUS notice the bitten nails as one of the presumptive proofs of a good Poet. PERSIUS even declares they have a certain *taste*—

——"demorsos *sapit* ungues."

SAT. I. v. 106.

HORACE censures LUCILIUS for sparing this nail-blood: "He would, had he lived in this age," says he,

——"*Vivos* et roderet ungues."

Lib. I. SAT. X. v. 71.

really hired at a lower rate than *cobblers*, and *paviours*, and *nightmen;* yet they perform as much *drudgery*, and go through as much *dirty work!* All this, I cannot but flatter myself, will tend to *raise your wages!*

I hope I may live to give the last finishing touches to my treatise on LITERARY ARCHITECTURE, with tables for measuring *superficies* and *solids.*

There I shall unfold the whole art and mystery of *book-buildings;* calculating the height, and extent, and profundity to which you have carried them, to the astonishment of all Europe! I shall describe your inviting *porticoes* *; the multiplicity of your *sleeping chambers* †; the length of your galleries, and the smallness of your windows ‡; when I

* The titles of books.

† Their great number of chapters.

‡ Arguments, long and obscure, forming a great *space* and conveying scarcely any *light.* TAG.

shall compare the beauties of the *Greek* and the *Roman* architecture, with that of THE Row, the impartial will decide whether this must not highly redound to your taste and invention!

FINALE!

As there are many readers who pass over *prefaces*, not aware of the excellent matter they frequently contain, I have written no less than *five*, to try how many they can bear at once, for some positively assert that they cannot even bear *one*. I am inclined to hope that these prefaces may be served up as sauce to my book—or be a symphony to my opera, attuning the mind to that just key, which gives you some idea of the air itself!

FLIM-FLAMS,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Semper enim partus duplici de semine constat;
Atque utri simile est magis id, quodcunque creatur
Ejus habet plus parte æqua, quod cernere possis,
Sive virum soboles sive est muliebris imago.
LUCRETIUS.

——— Oft the FATHER's LIKENESS does prevail
In FEMALES, and the MOTHER's in the MALE!
DRYDEN.

A *CONJECTURE* RESPECTING THE *SEX* OF CERTAIN PHILOS—A HINT OF ONE OF THEIR GREATEST MISFORTUNES.

I ARDENTLY desire to enter into a modest inquiry concerning the manner in which men are *educated*, before they are *born*—CACO-NOUS affirms it to be by "Ante-natal

impressions" and "original structure." He seems to think with the old Rabbins, that they might have known *fluxions* ere they came into the world*. This great metaphy-

* Who, says SEARCH, seeing a child two hours after its birth, could suppose it would ever come to *understand fluxions?*

PALEY's *Natural Theology.*

Were I a *Jew*, or a *Platonist*, I should positively assert that the CHILD actually did know FLUXIONS *before he was born!!!*

The pre-existence of souls clears this very dark and extremely interesting topic. PLATO, contemplating the spiritual nature of the soul, indivisible and incapable of dissolution, opines it must have existed before this life. Is it not ever agitated, ever curious, ever penetrating into things it can never comprehend? All this struggle in this world is merely to regain, what in coming to this world it had totally lost —its knowledge! All knowledge acquired on earth is only a *reminiscence of those ideas*, which in a prior state it contemplated, and derived from the divine mind. And in the degree our intellect becomes enlarged and purified, we the more nearly resemble the spiritual nature of the Creative Power. Such is the sublime and fanciful conception of PLATO!

sician informs us, that "the almost *lifeless mass* of infancy has within it *a human character*." I will give the world hereafter some

All this my Uncle knew, but he was such *a reader!* and mixed such burlesque and sublime ideas together, that he never rested till he arrived at the *Talmud*, where, in the chapter entitled *Nidda*, he discovered, what he wished much to know, why children, as soon as they were fairly in this world, forgot every syllable they had known so well!

The Rabbins tell us, that *Jewish infants* in the *womb*, are instructed in the *law!* And as soon as they are born they forget it. So far they probably copied from Plato, and Plato from Egypt, &c.

To this they add one of their fancies, which have seldom the grace of Plato's. The cause of their sudden loss of memory at the instant of parturition, is owing to an angel standing ready, *and laying his finger on the upper lip of the infant*—that mark of the finger is still visible! It occasions them to *forget the whole law*, and makes them whine most piteously on entering this world.

And in confirmation of the whole, the Rabbins go on saying, that while MAN grows up, he may be observed to be like one who has *lost something*, and is *endeavouring to find it.* Of all animals, is there one like MAN so over-curious, so over-restless, so over-dissatisfied?

experiments, all made on the left side, according to a hint of Hippocrates *De* Su-*

Now I give the world all this curious information for what it is worth—that is, for the very best information on the subject, up to the present day.

And in some respect, as a reply to *Search* and *Paley*—Ought they to have been so positive that the *child* did not know *fluxions* before he was born?

CACO-NOUS, notwithstanding all his profundity, is, on the subject of children coming into the world, not without a certain degree of *modesty*. He says "what may be the *precise degree of difference* with respect to capacity that *children bring into the world* with them, is a *problem* PERHAPS *impossible* completely to solve!"

This is what Milton terms *oracling*. With great weight and caution he moderates the whole by a "*perhaps impossible*." I dare say, if he could get sixpence by it, he could *prove* the child in the womb was conversant with *fluxions*. Why should not the unborn child be versed in fluxions? An Italian artist swore that he was BORN a *Painter*—for that *he painted* when his mother was *big with him!!!* My dear CACO-NOUS, give me *systems*—I will furnish "*confirmations* strong as holy writ."

* The Reader may acquire very curious information on this important subject from *Saint Marthe*'s elaborate Poem, in several thousand verses, entitled,

perfætatione—by my UNCLE. But as I propose to get through this chapter with some decency, I shall only observe, that I am convinced there are some gentlemen who are entirely derived from the female, with little interference of the male. I don't think HUARTE and I differ greatly*—I particular-

Pædotrophia, translated by Dr. Tytler, the subject of the first canto being on *unborn children*. Lord *Kaimes* very feelingly observes, that a *woman breeding* should be cautious lest the *tender parts* of the infant in the womb be affected by her ill temper! and the father of *Martinus Scriblerus* frequently treated him with a *concert* while he remained IN Mrs. Scriblerus.

* See HUARTE's *Examen de Ingenios*, or "Trial of Men's Wits."—In that mysterious work the Reader will find some high speculations. See particularly his chapter "what diligence ought to be used that children *male*, and *not female*, may be born!"—This profound Spaniard seems to be as much convinced as I am, that a *lady* ought not to be *a Philo!* but his language is not so polished and feeling as I flatter myself my style must be acknowledged to be. For instance, he says, "Those parents who seek the comfort of having *wise children (Philos*, I presume,)

ly allude to those gentlemen, who throughout life have made themselves conspicuous for their unwearied *curiosity* respecting, and *prying into*, the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi**. I know CACO-NOUS has positively declared,

must ENDEAVOUR that they be *born male;* for the *female*, through the cold and moist of their sex, *cannot be endowed* with any *profound judgment.* (He seems quite clear of this.) They may talk with *some appearance* of knowledge, in *slight matters*, with *ordinary terms*, (such as the *Botanical Nomenclature)* but *this* only through the help of *memory.* (Certainly he means the *botanical* names.) SOLOMON said, 'I have found *one man* amongst a *thousand;* but I have *not* found *one woman* amongst the whole *rout*'!" p. 286.

* Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., was our English Sheba. She was highly philosophical, and afflicted with many metaphysical head-aches. She took *Physica* with Newton and Leibnitz, and told fortunes in the grounds of her coffee-cups, as was the fashion of the day, with Locke and Clarke. But she was a little over-curious, and chose too often to wear the breeches. Leibnitz, one day, a little pettish at her eternal *pourquoi* this? and *pourquoi* that? tartly and testily replied to her Majesty—"Madam, I do not undertake to explain the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi!*"

in the thirteenth page of his "Enquirer," that "GENIUS is little more in the first instance than a spirit of PRYING *observation* and *incessant* CURIOSITY." My UNCLE was convinced at last that he came entirely from the female, and some of his familiar acquaintance will testify that he turned out to be, *an old woman!*" One of those *men*,

> "Who still usurp unjust dominion,
> "As if *they* were, the *better women.*"
>
> HUDIBRAS.

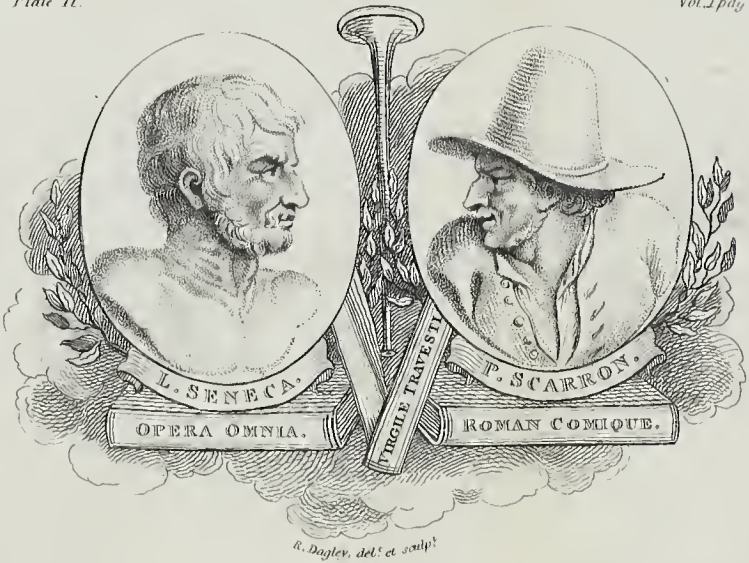
I own there are difficulties which occur in the demonstration of all our systems. I sympathise with Professor BLUMENBACH*, whose case is peculiarly provoking for hav-

* See his Essay on Generation, translated by Dr. Crichton. He is at a loss to know whether there are germs in the ova, &c. I wish, from my soul, I could inform him (poor man!) of any thing positive to relieve him in this delicate embarrassment.

ing, with considerable fatigue, traced every thing *ab ovo*, he is finally at a loss to determine whether the egg is formed before the chicken, or the chicken before the egg! a subject which I leave the impartial to decide*. BUFFON and SPALLANZANI undoubt-

* HALLER made a discovery which, he conceived, proved that the chicken originally belonged to the *hen*, and not to the *cock*. BONNET, who cherished the same system, writes to him on this occasion—"Your *chickens* enchant me! I had hardly hoped that the grand secret would have been so soon unveiled. It is you, my dear sir! who really have caught Nature in the fact!"—A short time after this triumphal cry, behold, Professor BLUMENBACH comes, and raises a shout in favour of the *cock!*

He uncandidly reproaches all the descendants of ADAM, that since his day they have not been able to give any satisfactory explanation of the matter, though he shews that we have all attempted it—till we got sick of it!—the ancient philosophers, the christian fathers, and particularly in the middle ages. Drelingcourt collected no less than two hundred and sixty-two vague hypotheses *de secretis mulierum*, but "THE WONDER! *or, A Woman can keep a Secret*," is an old comedy! BLUMENBACH declares "there



R. Dagley, del.t et sculp.t

edly performed many laborious and nice experiments, and it is a pity they all end in giving us the most opposite results! BUFFON affirms that animal existence is derived from the Male; SPALLANZANI is positive it comes from the Female! After all, "MAN is nothing more," as DARWIN asserts, "than a branch or elongation of the parent"—"a living filament" edging into "a fibre*."

is not a *spot* in the whole region of natural knowledge, surrounded by more *intricate labyrinths*, or *false guides*, than *this!*" p. 4. I am an ignorant *monoculus*, and a Philo armed with a microscope sees more than I possibly can, but I never suspected this astonishing variety, and number of paths he mentions.

* Dr. DARWIN says, "At the earliest period of its existence, the EMBRYON is secreted from the blood of the male, and would seem to consist of a *living filament* with certain capabilities of *irritation, sensation, volition*, and *association;* also with *acquired habits* or propensities peculiar to the parent."

ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 200, *8vo. edit.*

The Doctor has here extravagantly fondled his "living filament," and talks of IT, as if IT had come

These are subtle enquiries; and some may think we are troubling ourselves with mat-

of age! But DARWIN's Citizen of the World, after all, must make a sorry appearance in it—for Dr. BROWN, his antagonist, has laboured effectually to describe its forlorn situation, and with many a pathetic touch from his Cervantic pen, bewails "ITS small quantity of sensorial power, which must be exhausted in a short time," he actually proceeds to deprive IT, even of birth-right—but should IT escape into "this breathing world," Dr. BROWN proves that the little gentleman will be worn to a thread and actually be born "without either *brain* or *spinal marrow!*" instead of an infant, of the human form, "a *living tube* will be ushered into the world, in the hour of parturition!"

Dr. BROWN's *Observation on Zoonomia, p.* 435.

Did Dr. BROWN take into consideration the great care of Dr. DARWIN in his character of nurse and father to the "living filament?"—He has properly *oxygenated* the stranger, cradled it in its nidus, and fed it, and done all that seemed to him necessary to constitute it a Briton. So far his painful ingenuity is highly commendable. But then these philosophical Flim-Flammers never finish without vexing one. The Doctor tells us, that "MAN, at first floating amidst a liquid element, is nothing but a *tad-pole;* and afterwards escapes into another element, and like a tad-

ters that do not concern us: yet, in an age when every thing is to be performed in a philosophical manner, and biography has reached such a point of perfection, I cannot tell but they may be very necessary for the due understanding of the characters of our favourite heroes.

After many years of dear-bought experience, my UNCLE agreed, that though it was

pole changes into a *frog*, and becomes an aerial animal." ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 276. And elsewhere, that "mankind in their embryon state are *aquatic animals*, and resemble *gnats* and *frogs*."

Temple of Nature, Canto iv. 295. *Note.*

Is there "a living filament" that does not curl with indignation at the degrading system of the materialist?

RABELAIS would have agreed with DARWIN's theory of *rings* and *tubes* which he has made to produce all living things.

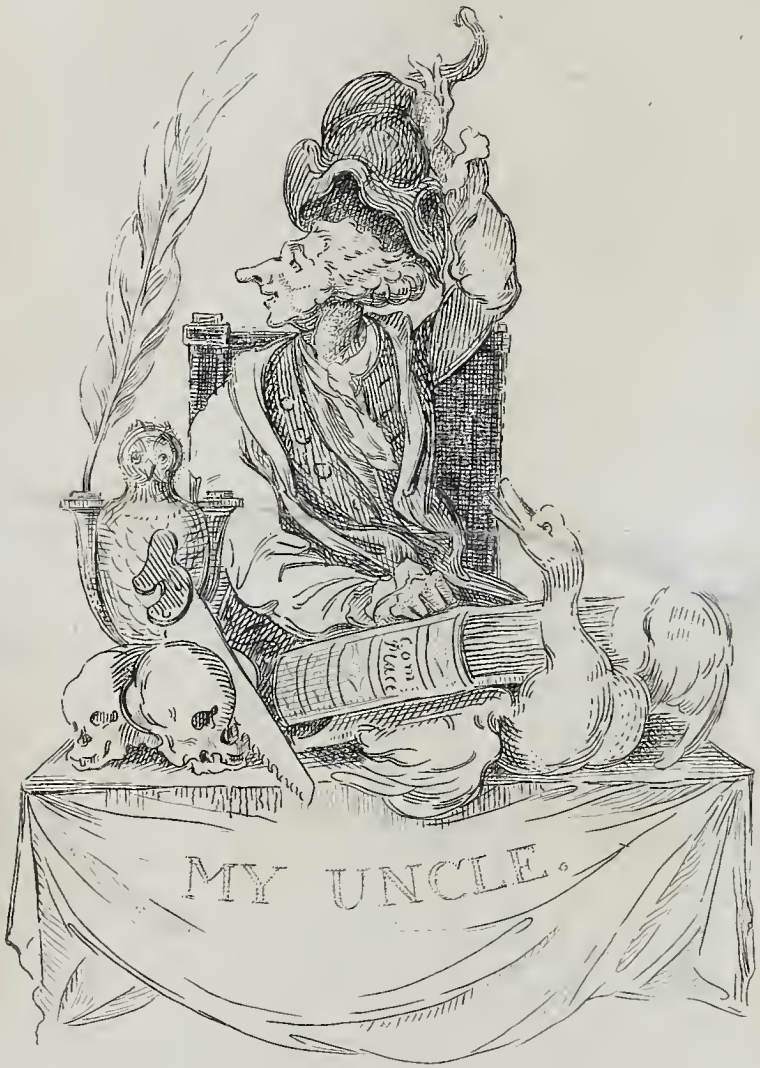
Rings join to rings, and irritated tubes,
Clasp with young lips, &c.
And quick CONTRACTION with ethereal flame
Lights into life the fibre-woven frame.

Temple of Nature.

an irreparable misfortune to have come entirely from the *Female*, yet his greatest misfortune was his HEAD! Yes, we were both at length convinced, with CAMPER, LAVATER, and WHITE, that all my UNCLE's sorrows and sufferings were derived from this insignificant part of his organization!

As nearly as a human head could be, it was an horizontal line—the head of a snipe! and according to the latter, and, of course, the very best physiological systems (CAMPER's alarming one concerning the large-sized particularly, utterly broke my UNCLE's peace of mind,) did Jacob carry about him a *cranium* which could be of no real utility in this world; it was an oven which would not bake!

My dear Reader! how has thy SKULL fared in the blundering hands of the midwife! half thy errors and thy vagaries thou mayest place to the account of some shilly-


MY UNCLE.

shally accoucheur! In what a perilous situation, at that moment, is the cranium of lordly man placed! an indent, more or less, a depression here, or an elongation there, ovals it to genius, or squats it down to boobyism*!

* HIPPOCRATES attributes the particular form of the head to the conduct of midwives and nurses. VESALIUS supports this idea, and asserts, that some midwives have been bribed by mothers to shape the heads of their children into the form of a ball.

CAMPER's *Works, translated by Dr. Cogan, p.* 24.

Besides *Vesalius*, such illustrious moderns as *Haller, Buffon*, &c. agree with *Hippocrates*. Professor Camper does not agree with them, because that would ruin his own system, which tends to shew that *Nature* has made a marked distinction in her physiological fabrics, and that the *heads of different beings* are adapted to *different degrees of intellect*. To prove that Nature acts by this determined principle, he performed an extraordinary experiment—at the recollection I sicken and I shudder! The Dutch Professor actually *plunged* into *the uterus of a female negro*, and found that this *unborn child* had just as ugly features as any *living negro*, a flat forehead,

My UNCLE was latterly so deeply imbued with these principles, that when, in the

peaked crown, and oblong head! The fœtus was affectionately adopted by the learned anatomist.

This fœtus he put in a phial, and kept on the chimney-piece in his bed-chamber. When one night, raging with the tooth-ache, he was advised by his *frow* to apply to some brandy in a small bottle regularly filled every morning.—In the dark he blundered. Surprised to find something solid between his teeth, he exclaimed to the Dame Cornelia, 'What is in this bottle over the chimney? I am provoked to sickness, and preparing to vomit.' To which his lady replied, 'O Pieter! Pieter! it can be nothing else than—the little negro!—' which was very true; for, shocking to relate, the Professor of Anatomy in the College of Amsterdam found his own favourite embryon crackle under his tooth!

Unhappy fœtus! the victim of philosophy! thy misfortunes, like Tristram's, began long before thou wert born!

Professor BLUMENBACH in an ecstasy beholds himself, like a father surrounded by his progeny—encircled by *a collection of* FŒTUSES!—"I possess," says he, "some of these *beautiful human fœtuses* of the first months of pregnancy, especially those which I received from my dear friend Mr. Buckner of Gotha," (I should like to know how Mr.

course of an argument, he stood beating the bush, clapping his hand on his flat skull, he would exclaim, "What a goose*!"

Yet in all these odd troubles of his, he never blowed his NOSE without a consciousness of genius. It had "half an inch in

Buckner procured so many) "one of them is *five weeks old*, and of the size of a *common bee*—all the features of the face, every finger complete, every toe, and the organs of generation distinctly seen."

BLUMENBACH *on Generation, translated by Dr. Crichton, p.* 76.

* Mr. WHITE, an admirer of CAMPER, writes—"No animal that approaches to MAN in its faculties, or energies, has a *flat skull*. The GOOSE, that has one, has so little sense, that its name is proverbial. The *ostrich*, which has the flattest skull, is of all animals the most foolish, having no sense, that we know of, in perfection—owing to the *smallness* and *flatness* of the head, there is very little room for the *cerebrum*, or *cerebellum*.—Where shall we find, unless in the *European*," (the Chinese are dolts, though they think they have a pair of eyes, and we but one,) "that nobly arched head, containing such *a quantity of brain?*"

WHITE *on the regular Gradation in Man, p.* 14.

breadth over the eye;" and LAVATER exclaims, "Such a *nose* is of more worth than a kingdom*!"

* According to LAVATER, the vulgar saying, that "a man must not say his nose is his own," is frequently a physiognomical truth. When looking into a mean face, he discovers "a nose of great capacity," or, as he calls Lord Anson's, "a judicious nose," he exclaims—"Who could have thought of *meeting with such a nose* HERE!"

LAVATER considers the NOSE as the *Fulcrum* of the *Brain!* and describes it as *a piece of Gothic architecture.* "It is on the NOSE that the *arch* of the *forehead* properly rests, the weight of which, but for this, would *mercilessly crush the cheeks and the mouth!!*"

He enters into the philosophy of noses with a diverting enthusiasm, and finally concludes, "*Non cuique datum est habere nasum;* it is not every one's good fortune to have *a nose!*"

Vol. iii. *p.* 363.

CHAPTER II.

ALMA, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain!
PRIOR.

A DISSERTATION ON SKULLS! LAVATER CAMPER, BLUMENBACH, AND GALL.

LAVATER positively maintains, that the simple form of the skull, its *hardness* or *softness*, are sufficient to determine, with the *utmost certainty*, the *energy* or *weakness* of the character of the individual it belonged to.

CAMPER, from his public situation, as Anatomical Professor, in the large and po-

pulous city of Amsterdam*, and from the gravity of his character, and the whimsicality of his genius—has made profounder and more interesting discoveries!

The Dutch Professor fancied *large-sized heads;* and was positive that the *position* of the upper and lower *jaws*, was the *natural cause of the most astonishing differences*† *!*—in other words, that the breadth of his face,

* "The large and populous city of Amsterdam afforded me various opportunities of *collecting the skulls of the deceased*, from *abortions* to advanced age."—He was at first too humane to make his strictures on the *living*, though afterwards he lost most of his *acquaintance* by his personal observations and free strictures on the *skulls of abortions*. "*Many years* (he continues) I passed in *comparing them together.*"

CAMPER.

† "I sawed several heads, both of *men* and *animals*, perpendicularly through the centre, and I clearly perceived, that the position of the upper and the lower jaws was the natural cause of the most astonishing differences. I have followed *this method* with *quadrupeds* down to *fish!*"

and the squareness of his jaws, was the most evident proof of a man's genius.

The only suspicious circumstance against this system appears opposite the frontispiece of his work—where the portrait of the Dutch Professor shews he had the head of a buffalo!

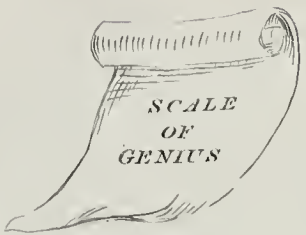
Poor man! what extraordinary pains he took to form *a collection of* SKULLS!—from all parts of the universe, and of the European down to the Ourang-Outang! His correspondence with the resurrection-men throughout the globe, I hope to publish; for in cleansing the *skulls* to ship them to Amsterdam, they usually crammed the scandalous anecdotes appertaining to these skulls when alive, into them—as a kind of seasoning, to keep them from utter putrefaction*.

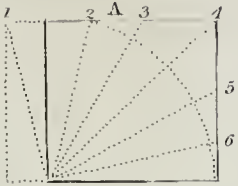
* "My notion was confirmed by contemplating a considerable collection of *crania*, which acknowledged various countries for their parents. Exclusive of

Most patiently, for many a year, did this sublime Dutchman set about "sawing the skulls perpendicularly through the middle, and comparing them together." This, he declares, was a *very entertaining* study; I suppose, however, he alludes to the aforementioned anecdotes found in the skulls.

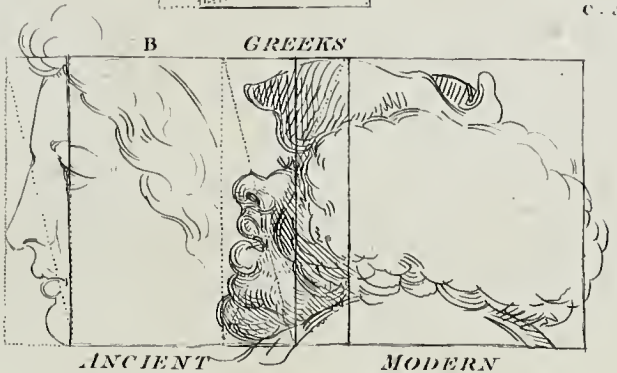
The result of this incessant "sawing of heads" (most unluckily for my Uncle, and his *small-headed* friends,) was not only a positive preference of the *large-sized*, but he went to such lengths: I must say, to such

several skulls of my countrymen, and of adjacent nations, I possess the heads of a young English *negro*, and one of a more advanced age; the head of a female *Hottentot;* of a young *native of Madagascar;* of an inhabitant of *Mogol*, of a *Chinese*, of a *Celebean*, and, finally, of a *Calmuk!*"—that is, of eight different nations! To have collected all these *skulls* is highly honourable to the indefatigable Professor; but the *anecdotes!*—under my volant pen, they will please the whole College at Amsterdam, and recreate these grave muzzers after their *empty studies!*





A. Graduated Scale.
1. Facial Line Ancient Greek
2. Dº European.
3. Dº Modern Greek & African
4. Ourang Outang.
5. Dº Ape.
6. Dº Snipe & my Uncle.
B. Application of Scale.
C. Shewing the use of Angular Forms.



imprudent extremities, that he actually had the inhumanity to invent *a machine* wherewith any Philo may measure his own head, and ascertain if it touches the proper degree. It is an instrument of torture, and my Uncle shuddered to look at it*!

* I shall quote the *description* I find in the MONTHLY REVIEW, *vol.* vi. *p.* 209.—"The general doctrine is, that the difference in form and cast of countenance, proceeds from the relation which the *cranium* is found to bear to the direction of an horizontal and a perpendicular line. Let us suppose a frame of wood, similar to that of a picture, to be made perfectly square, and the upper part be graduated into 90 degrees, proceeding from the right to the left. Let the cranium, or head, be placed in the centre of this frame. (Heaven defend us!)

"Draw an imaginry line from the lower part of the upper lip to the forehead, which the Professor terms the *linea facialis*, or the facial line; and observe in what degree it intersects the upper part of the frame, as this will give one characteristic, and the situation of the maxillæ, respecting the perpendicular side of the frame, another.

"For example—the facial line of the Ourang will intersect the horizontal line at 58—that of the Negro

I was glad afterwards when Professor BLUMENBACH published two *decades of differences* in the craniums of different people, and every skull splitted, carefully and impartially, and with a steady hand by himself. The specimens are preserved in his own collections; (where, perhaps, he may find one skull splitted more than he is aware of!) However, he goes a good way to prove the other Professor *wrong-headed*—besides, here is another system to learn! another science to meditate on!

at 70—that of the European at 80 or 90—while, in the Grecian Antique, it projects *ten degrees beyond the limits of the frame!*"—This last discovery is a final argument in favour of the *Greeks*, who, so many agree, had a *genius* that can never be equalled by us, the small heads of 80 or 90 degrees. I conjecture, however, at this moment, that the *skull* of a *Modern Greek*, whether of OXFORD or CAMBRIDGE, would go into such a frame very *quietly*. Indeed, they and some other persons have revived the notion of PLINY respecting the existence of the ACEPHALI, a people without heads!

For Dr. GALL, of Vienna, exploded his system of CRANIOGNOMY!

"Ye little *Wigs*, hide your diminish'd HEADS!"

The Doctor has constructed the weather-cock-head of man into a regular piece of clock-work.—He has effected a marvellous discovery—I own this is not wonderful in this *age of miracles:* for, notwithstanding HUME's scepticism, were he now living, he would see *hundreds of miracles*, and all performed by THE PHILOS themselves!

Dr. GALL deposes, that the *size of the organs in the* CRANIUM is in the exact proportion of their *corresponding faculties;* for every passion, every faculty, every virtue, every vice, every talent, every folly, has got a *certain organ in the* HEAD, which suits the particular faculty. For instance, we have the *organ* of PRIDE—'tis in the middle of the

interior edge of the parietals, at the upper middle part, and a little towards the posterior of the head.—Can any direction be more particular? 'tis perfectly topographical! and yet they say Dr. GALL is *not intelligible!* Here PRIDE has concealed itself in the darkest corner of a dark alley, full of windings and out-of-the-way places; but never did a Bow-street runner know so well as Dr. GALL, where to *unearth* a thief!

But how does the Doctor so positively know that *there*, precisely *there*, is the *organ of* PRIDE?—Because that organ expands in the chamois goat and the bouquetin, and he observed the same thing in the skulls of several men distinguished for their *pride!* Here difficulties may be raised. How do you know, Doctor, that the chamois and the bouquetin are so proud? He replies, Because they inhabit the peaks of mountains,

and the bouquetin always endeavours to ascend higher*. From this, no doubt, concludes this Doctor, they must be *high-fliers !* Thus, we infer, that proud people inhabit elevated spots. Our *garretteers* are well known to be the proudest men in the three kingdoms ! Among the *higher circles*, we also observe an *esprit de corps*, which, at times, makes these BOUQUETINS sufficiently insolent†.

* These animals are calumniated by Dr. GALL ; if they could find their dinner in a valley, they would not climb a mountain, on the height of which grow their favourite herbs.

† Those who are curious concerning the ORGAN of the spirit of *satire;* ORGAN of *mildness ;* ORGAN of *copulation ;* ORGAN of *assassination,* &c. may find them all in the Philo's Magazine, Vol. XIV. His whole system is positively stolen from Martinus Scriblerus, Chap. XII.

Who is Dr. GALL ? who ever heard of his inaugural discourse ? May he not be a Doctor of the French legion of *Charlatanisme ?* He certainly terrified Vienna, the Emperor, and the Aulic Council !

In this great GOLGOTHA of Philosophy, my honoured Uncle took fright at his own SKULL; but when at length the Philos, with still greater nicety, came to weigh a *man's brains* in a pair of *scales* against a monkey's—or a hog's—or a canary bird's—he felt as if the theorists were descending to the most personal and illiberal attack* !

His lectures were forbidden ! the libertines were charmed to find that if they went astray

"Their *Organ,* sure, was more in fault than they !"

The Emperor's librarian inserted a clause in his will, for the express purpose of securing his *head* from the researches of Dr. GALL ! A man's night-cap might be a tolerable substitute for a man's skull; at least on the system of CAMPER's scale, which entirely turns on the *measure !*

* In the last age, the too inquisitive part of mankind wasted half a century in researches on the seat of the soul, which they imagined perched on the pineal gland—

"ALMA, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain !"

PRIOR.

These are curious and interesting matters, which put even CACONOUS to a stand-still; and yet he had notions which might have cracked the tiny occiput of a monkey! He abruptly says, "*Dissect a man of genius*," (by the bye, did you ever hear of such barbarity, a *live* genius!), "and you cannot point out *those differences* in his structure which constitute him such *!"

As science, I suspect, is now going down hill at times, which is one reason why we proceed with unusual velocity, we shall soon *overtake* those we have left *behind* us!

For instance!—The BRAIN is now considered as "a criterion of the degree of intelligence an animal enjoys." But the ingenious Anatomist is obliged to confess (how provoking!) that there are several "exceptions to this rule." The great rival of MAN, in point of *brain*, turns out to be (how degrading!)—the DOLPHIN! This *fellow* has double our quantity! and so, I am told, has every ASS, whether patient or agent, in this new kind of *philosophical dissection!*

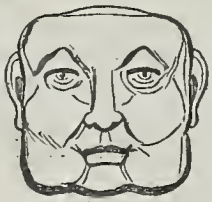
See ROSS's *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*.

* THE ENQUIRER, p. 13.

Indeed LOCKE, through his entire Essay on the Human Understanding, never alludes to SKULLS! But who imagines that LOCKE could know any thing about OUR *human understanding*, since such great alterations have taken place in the HEADS of our Philos!

At the cost of several saws, manufactured for *Dutch skulls*, by Professor CAMPER, I have cautiously splitted the heads of many learned fellows, and though I spoilt many a saw, however well-tempered, I discovered that all the WRONGHEADS are such, by retaining a grotesque inflexible shape, which so fantastically twists about their ideas.

If HEADS be perfectly quadrated, as thus,



they are gravely adapted to square caps!

Or rhomboidal, as thus,

a square head is put out of its natural position, and the duncicalness of its brother is monstrously elongated by its own peculiar frenzy! Or pentagonal, as thus,

which you see has five angles, the most mischievous because the most ingenious of all the WRONGHEADS; it strains the simplest idea

into as many meanings; it makes what is very clear, enigmatic; and it demonstrates, the impossible.

This pithy quip, or dark conceit, shewing the unprofitableness of every preceding hypothesis, is the crab fruit of my own indefatigable researches; yet I would not, like my predecessors, dismay an age of Wrong-heads like the present, and then leave them in utter despair!

In this philosophical æra we may contrive yet, to put an odd grotesque skull into

An Oven!

and bake out its flim-flams! They will fume into thin air, and in every light cloud will curl up some brilliant chimera — as proposed in the FRONTISPIECE*!

But if your Gravity should not approve of my own hypothesis of SKULLS, and dread

* I am indebted for this notion to an old print, about 200 years old! so many years ago were there Flim-Flams!

that so many painful discoveries will perplex the world, and not enlighten them—in plain language, if you wish to get rid of *all theories* whatever, I can assure you this is the easiest thing imaginable* !

Have you not many a time, in your school days, playfully drawn a wet circle round that domestic insect familiarly called a wood-louse ? The poor prisoner cannot get out of the line, no more than you out of the hypothesis ; with a little

PATIENCE !

the wet circle dries up, the hypothesis disappears ! and you and the wood-louse, both escape the confinement !

* A philosopher, who surely himself is the most fanciful of theorists, in his calmer moments has made an observation which my Uncle ought to have inscribed over *his* library *door* :—" The most *ingenious* way of becoming *foolish* is by a SYSTEM ; and the surest method to prevent *good sense,* is to set up something *in the room of it.*"

SHAFTESBURY's *Advice to an Author, vol.* i. *p.* 290.

CHAPTER III.

How many poor scholars have lost their wits, or become dizzards, and after all their pains, in the world's esteem, they are accounted ridiculous and silly; fools! idiots! asses! rejected, contemned, derided, doting, and mad!

BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, *Ed.* 1660, *p.* 199.

PROOFS OF MY UNCLE'S CLASSICAL, BRITISH, AND ANTEDILUVIAN LITERATURE! TEDIOUS, BUT VERY PROFITABLE TO THE UNDERSTANDING READER; ONLY REQUIRING A TENTH PART OF THAT PATIENCE TO READ OF, WHICH IT TOOK TO WRITE ABOUT.

OH! that my UNCLE had had the bowels of Didymus of Alexandria, who wrote more than he read, but whom no exercitation of mind, and no incarceration of body, could fatigue, and who was nick-named, from his

amazing learning never once having given him the cholic—the BRAZEN-BOWELLED!

After many years of hard labour, my Uncle gradually obtained an exact knowledge of all the ignorance of former times; and whatever the world knew least, and wished to know less, this great man knew most, and wished to know more. I do not deny that he occasionally became crazed by authorities, weighed down by facts, and obscured himself by illustration.

Two years he employed in collecting the materials of that morsel of erudition, which Professor THUNDERBRAINS, of Gottingen, declared, cheered his old heart in getting through. It is a dissertation on the manner in which the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks*, and the *Romans*, frightened their *children!* by the minuteness of which the world imagined my Uncle was the tender father of a numerous progeny, though he never could endure a

squalling child. Afterwards, he added his Supplement concerning the *Grecian Nurses*; how they stilled their children in the streets when they squalled by cramming into their mouths a spunge soaked in honey, and if the child was not quieted, they then produced that terrific Μορμολυκειον—however, it was on this unlucky supplement that Professor THUNDERBRAINS raged like a Bedlamite with my Uncle, and which quite disturbed the peace of our family. Do all that man can do, the inveterate Professor, even to this day, is not aware that the *Terricula* is only a diminutive of the *Terriculamenta*; figures, which he lays so much stress on, to frighten children. The Professor's brain totters with a weight of erudition, and buffets him in theories and conjectures, about a Jack-in-the-box, Raw-head and bloody-bones, Hoddy-doddies, and, finally, the African Jambo that Mr. Parke describes, and which

my Uncle, in vain, tried to get over on his side!

When my Uncle extended his researches to our own literature, they appeared to me as minutely precious. He had a delicious gusto for masticating a black-letter book, as dry as a horn and as empty too! I admired the rigidity of his muscles, while, with a cat-like gravity, he was mousing some old obscure author. An antiquary was he, who, though he never condescended to note the rain or sunshine of the current week, could, however, familiarly converse of the weather two centuries ago! I remember once, when my Uncle was so blessed, as to get hold of a letter written in the reign of James I. about his Majesty's travelling to the University of Cambridge, to order a certain square cap there to make an Oration before him concerning the nature of "devils and magic ointment," the letter mentioned—it was

dated 7th February, 1614—that "his Majesty made his entrance there with as much solemnity, and concourse of gallants and great men, as *the hard weather and extreme foul ways* would permit." This convinced my Uncle that James I. was a gentleman of a most head-strong humour—not because his Majesty was so curious concerning "devils and magic ointment," which were grave matters in that age, but because he pertinaciously held out his peregrination in such *hard weather* and *foul ways!*—for (wonderful to tell!) my Uncle actually discovered among his antiquarian volumes, that from the 12th January, 1614, it began to freeze; that on the 23d it began to snow; and on Sunday, 12th February, 1614, it began to snow most extremely; (and his Majesty could not have performed half his journey then); true, it abated a little on the 14th, but still,

much or little, it kept freezing and snowing until the 7th of March, 1614*!!

You may begin to perceive that my honoured Uncle was blest with that intrepidity of soul, which, as TRUTH is said to lie buried in a WELL, would have induced him to have put himself into the bucket, and have gone down to dive after her divinityship.

And this most wonderfully appeared in his successful labours, in what may be called,

ANTEDILUVIAN LITERATURE!

He little valued the *modern part* of *ancient*

* Such are the rich fruits of these ingenious researches! Mr. HAWKINS, in his edition of *Ignoramus*, to illustrate a passage in a certain letter of the times, quotes all these particulars from Stowe's Chronicle, 1618, *p.* 544. 8*vo.*—When JULIET's garrulous NURSE dates one of her stories thus—"Since the earthquake it is now eleven years," a Commentator on Shakspeare informs us, that he can find no mention of an earthquake in the *novel* whence the Bard drew his story, but he discovers one in *Stowe's Chronicle*, which happened in Shakspeare's time! TAG.

history; that is, any thing a little posterior to Noah! His account of the state of astronomy before the flood; his reference to Noah's log-book; and his notice of a book, said to be written by *Seth*, (my Uncle asserted by *Adam*) which was "found in an old chest by *Abraham*," and which he long stood on the brink of quoting, in all the peril of erudition, were only so many preliminaries to a most curious piece of "primæval" biography—My Uncle's Secret Memoirs of ADAM*!

* Most pithy, most profitable, most pleasant, full of merry conceits, and recreations for ingenious head-pieces, is all the "philosophical history" which has lately illuminated the THEORETICAL HISTORIANS, who are composing history on very opposite principles to those of Livy, of Tacitus, of Gibbon and Robertson. PERE HARDOUIN made the learned of his day open their eyes at his more audacious, than ingenious scepticism, pretending that the classical works of the ancients, were the forgeries of idle Monks. He would have found powerful rivals in this age—an age of chimeras! Mention Troy or

So elaborate in his researches, so nice in his critical feeling, and so profusely impar-

the Trojans ;—its existence is denied! Zoroaster with his Zend, and his Pazend—a volatile Frenchman starts up with a *Qui est ce Z*oroastre ?—or Homer ? He is only a collective name for a number of rhapsodists ! And as for the Greeks ! according to Mr. De Cambry, in his *Voyage Pittoresque en Suisse et en Italie,* the Greeks were merely people who traversed through a country improperly denominated *Greece ! !* So familiar are we all with matters that were firmly credited by those who lived two or three thousand years nearer the times than we.

The late learned Bryant, in his Analysis of Ancient History, and Mr. Davies, in his "Celtic Researches," by the force of *punning,* make every fragment of history fly into splinters. Mention a great *hero* of antiquity, they confound, by assuring us that he is only an *immense light-house !* One *man* is built into a *tower of the sun ;* a number of men are piled up into a *marine college.* See this system cauterised by exquisite ridicule in the Edinburgh Review, *vol.* iii. *p.* 431. This droll erudition is adapted to those etymologists who have a turn for small wit—since it entirely depends on

"When *two like words* make up *one noise,*
Jests for Dutch men and English boys !"

COWLEY.

tial, is my Uncle, that he is perpetually turning short upon his reader in the dark

Another class of theoretical historians are the ANTEDILUVIANS! such are, Monsieur BAILLY, Mr. MAURICE, Capt. WILFORD, Mr. CLARKE, &c.; and what is very singular, they hold violent differences among themselves! Take a specimen of their mode of reasoning and research.

Mr. CLARKE does not agree with the other gentlemen, that the *Antediluvians* had the *mariner's compass!* because had they (says he) "it would have *counteracted* the over-whelming chastisement of the deluge." What a contemptible notion this of an *universal deluge!* Mr. CLARKE however agrees, that at a *later* day, that is, during his voyage in the Ark, *Noah* must have discovered it, otherwise (he says) "he could not have regained the happy Chaldean regions, from which he had sailed." Now Dr. TRUSLER assures me, this same mariner's compass is of a recent date; but if the Antediluvians are allowed to write their histories, Dr. TRUSLER and his "Chronological Tables" may be both pasted together, for what they are now worth!

Mr. MAURICE talks of "an astronomical library" in Noah's Ark; Mr. DAVIES speaks highly of Noah's log-book, for the *regularity* of that naval register. CELTIC RESEARCHES, *p.* 43. In the first

corners of this history, and unweariedly stating the innumerable difficulties that start up

volume of the ARCHÆOLOGIA, p. 49, a brother *Erudit* proves that Britain was not *first* inhabited by any of the descendants of Gomer! an important discovery which, however, the antediluvians will not think much in their favour.

What discoveries theoretical history can effect! It can prove, that the *Irish* are *Indians*, and the *Peruvians* are *Welshmen!!*

General VALLANCEY begins no inquiry later than the deluge :—

> " To cut the matter short, dear madam,
> The General *comes down*—to Adam!"
>
> PRIOR.

He has lately recreated the Irish antiquaries, by a more modern discovery: certain *round belfries*, whence the sextons of former days rung their parishioners to church, are—*Indian pagodas!* He found *ashes* in these forsaken buildings, which, perchance, might have warmed these sextons on a frosty saint's day—but the General pronounces these ashes to be—" the remains of the PERPETUAL FIRE kept burning in honour of their deity, the SUN!" To illustrate his Irish History, he quotes PENNANT's View of Hindostan! Among the traditions of India he finds a story, that the *Bramins* set sail for

as he goes on. One feels for the painful situation in which the biographer has unwit-

the *White Island*, which this Sçavant declares must be *Ireland!*

A Welsh antiquary, on the same principle of an emigration, declares, the *Peruvians* are *Welshmen!* He finds that tradition records, that MADOC, a Welsh prince, *sailed westward!* The antiquary, like a Lapland witch, dispatches him, with a wind of his own—to Mexico! Manco Capac, he thinks, by similarity of *sound*, is MADOC (I should like to know how he pronounces the name!). When MADOC is once landed in Mexico, all the *historical detail* proceeds very copiously by the new chronological date of a *might* and a *probably!* Every thing you wish is then accomplished, by the perpetual authenticity of Madoc *might* have pointed to the sun, which means he *did* point to the sun: he *probably* came to Mexico, which signifies, he *entered* Mexico! An immortal romance of MADOC, was reserved for Mr. SOUTHEY.

See WILLIAMS's *History of the Mineral Kingdom.*

I have not yet seen a late publication—"The Early History of the Ancient Britons 700 Years *before Christ.*" I suppose it is a history, abounding with no facts. Life is short and dreaming long! If *theoretical history* prospers, let me advise, as an improvement, that it be written like *Swedenburgh's*

tingly placed himself and his reader. At length he sagaciously discovers, that though in the dark we may grope after truth; yet we are apt to lay hold of one thing for another.

histories. One George Nicholson, who (bless his wits!) has compiled a dictionary from the Baron's works, assures us, that that scholar *conversed with some who died before the flood*, besides having had *commerce with angels*, &c. Such ought to be an *Antediluvian Historian!* BOBTAIL.

CHAPTER IV.

There should be some restraint of law against foolish and impertinent SCRIBBLERS, as well as against vagabonds and idle persons: if there was, indeed, both I and a hundred others would be banished the kingdom. I do not speak this in jest; scribbling seems to be a sign of a disordered and licentious age.

MONTAIGNE's *Essays*, B. iii. C. ix.

HOW IN PHILOLOGY MY UNCLE DISCOVERS A NEW THEORY OF "A SOCIAL LANGUAGE," AND FINALLY OF HIS INK-HORN AND HIS INK-HORNISMS!

WILL it be credited after all my Uncle has written, that he did not believe a tittle of his own history—and never composed these secret memoirs of ADAM, for the sake of ADAM? No! it was for the great purpose of presenting to the world what he calls his "Theory

of the formation of a Social language." In his daily experiments he was nearly closing his theory of language, by a locked jaw. I have seen my Uncle illustrating his system of the formation of the *letters* of the alphabet before a looking glass, twisting his mouth into "primæval" shapes—in A he gaped; in B he buzzed; in C he shewed his teeth; in D he sent his voice into his belly, and so on*.

* Mr. DAVIES has excelled my Uncle, in his curious account of the formation of language! He informs us that *primæval man*, to attract the notice of living creatures addressed them by *descriptive gestures*, p. 377. Then he tells us what kind of a language-master ADAM was to EVE. When he saw an *elephant*, he would naturally inform "his new-created bride" of its enormous bulk; he would therefore repeat his feeling of bulkiness. "Being an inexpert orator, he would not trust to the powers of his voice—his *arms* would be elevated, and *spread abroad* in order to intimate the comprehension of *gigantic space*. He would *inflate his cheeks* till his *breath* found a passage through his *nostrils*. This *natural description* of a huge bulk would produce the sound B—M, and *that sound* rendered articulate by the intervention of a

Notwithstanding my Uncle when too curiously philosophical could never get through his alphabet, and remained perpetually puzzled, whether *prepositions* were invented before *noun adjectives**, he was not a little ex-

vowel would describe *bulkiness!!!*" This, he adds, would do very well to siguify *a great beast!* For smaller creatures he might act thus. He would describe *a dove,* by fluttering his hand, and exclaiming *toor! toor!* The *cow* by the sound *moo,* and the sheep, *ba!*—On the same principle ADAM would have been able to have said *bo!* to a goose! though of some of his successors it has been said they cannot. Then Mr. DAVIES exclaims, "How great must have been their joy to find themselves in possession of a *social language!*"

Such is the origin of language! we must not look so far back as to ADAM for the criterion of a polished tongue. My Uncle's hero must have uttered a gibble-gabble, which the poetical feeling of Milton could never have conceived. Before EVE, to have made himself intelligible, ADAM must have roared, and bellowed, and snarled, and grunted, and skipped—according to what is here called *a new theory* of the formation of "A SOCIAL LANGUAGE."

* Lord KAIMES humbly inquires whether an *Ourang Outang* has understanding to form a mental pre-

pert in philology, though sometimes he would not speak three words the whole day, because uncertain whether the Hebrew, or the Chinese language, was the primæval one*. One of his favourite pursuits, indeed, was the latter, in which, at length, he became so expert that to the envy and vexation of some learned friends, he actually made out one of those labels, which the Chinese affix to their chests of tea!

position, and then express it in *sounds?* Rather indulgent to ourang outangs, he supposes they may; but then exultingly asks, what would *they* make of the *connective* and *disjunctive particles?*

History of Man, vol. i. *p.* 80.

Lord MONBODDO conceives that *language* is not natural to man; and that men *sang* before they *talked!* LEIBNITZ, to illustrate his origin of language on mechanical principles, contrived to force a dog to bark *several words!* And as these were *German*, he probably did not find this philosophical experiment very difficult.

* A great scholar asserts that the Chinese language is the most ancient because it is *monosyllabic!* TAG.

He asserts that ADAM was familiar with the principles of "*The Wealth of Nations.*" In respect to the benefits derived from the *divison of labour*, (one of the most useful discoveries in that work,) my Uncle shews it was well known to ADAM; but in the spirit of a *chronique scandaleuse* of that day, he shrewdly quotes a passage from Genesis, importing that he over-worked the delicate infirmity of his unhappy consort*. This chap-

* Mr. DAVIES proves that the *antediluvians* had a knowledge of the principle of the *division* of *labour*, by *Cain* bringing to the Lord his *fruits*, and *Abel* his *sheep*. On this he instantly deduces among one hundred as curious inferences, the following one. "Here was no *community of rights;* no promiscuous *plunder!* every man claimed and was *allowed* his property in that which he had procured by his individual care or labour; and he had *a right* to *dispose of it* without the regulations of society." CELTIC RESEARCHES, p. 8. I can see farther, and without difficulty continue the speculation; from this passage I can *believe* they had *auctions*, and *fire-offices*, and *patent-locks!* Mr. DAVIES also proves the *geographical* science of Noah by his *dividing the lands* among his descend-

ter seems very confused; the author of "*The Wealth of Nations*" is familiarly called the *first of men!* which so confounds him with *the other Adam*, that some gentle soul may hereafter by a profound research, get a penny, in the controversy!

The reader will not be surprised, after all this "philosophical history" is perpended, that my Uncle's "History" was often going on to the right, while his "philosophy" was proceeding to the left; so that my Uncle had the honour of perplexing, and ever confounding, the more curious part of mankind, who lived in our town—the amateurs of "philosophical history!" Yet my Uncle had ever

ants, because (says he) "it *presupposes* his knowledge of the land so divided"—It is not to be imagined I can follow up every one of these *discoveries*—here I humbly differ.—Perhaps this *pre-supposition* that Noah had *any knowledge of his lands,* may not be the fact; because I am acquainted with several *great landed proprietors* who know very little of their *own estates.* BOBTAIL.

the great modesty to fear that others might come after him with *deeper ink-horns*, and kept to a resolution in his "philosophical histories" never to print the pompous word,

FINIS!

What made my Uncle's books so tremendously tedious, was their *size;* as he wrote by the *pint* or the *quart*, he provided himself with what he emphatically termed INK-HORNISMS!—a technical term with him, to be illustrated for the benefit of the curious.

Know then that all LITERARY WARE is now valued as ADAM SMITH would, by the *time* and *labour* consumed in the *manufactory:* so that epigrammatists would be ill paid, and soon ruined! Were PLUTARCH living he must have "wire-woved" his *Opuscula* into octavos; and we should thus have lost all Plutarch, in Plutarch himself!

The whole literary process is now performed

in the *shop!* All the wit, and wisdom, of the age being at present bargained for by the *sheet*, a book is now you see really made by *measure!* But it usually happens in works that were originally *bought* by MEASURE, that they come at length to be *sold* by WEIGHT; so that some, who so honourably begin with the *yard*, at last degenerate to the *scales!*

Again, those who for the good of their country are accustomed to the making up of books, or to the vending of chandlery, well know that it is necessary to use *make-weights;* that is small things thrown in, to make up weight! Business is thus conducted in our two great manufacturing towns,—LONDON and EDINBURGH.

Now these are the very things my Uncle designated by his INK-HORNISMS!—they constitute not the smallest portion of a new book; all the whiffle-scribble!

A man of such erudition as my Uncle usu-

ally finds his INK-HORNISMS in his *folio common places* !*

An infant's eye does not so wanton over the red coral with its gilt bells as did my Uncle over this folio, where all his knowledge was orderly arranged. He compared it in his rapture to a *wardrobe!* but our curate affirmed it to be only a receptacle for *old clothes;* the cast off follies of other persons, and the second hand suits of learning !

* Such are well described in the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:

" A special clerk for METHOD and for plan,
Through science by the *alphabet he ran;*
From fruitful A to unproductive ZED!"

RICHARDSON foretold at its dawn the present meridian heat of literature; the prophecy is clear! He exclaims " They are *hastening apace;* dwindling into INDEX, into COMMON PLACE, into DICTIONARY learning!"

True learning will after all consist in what enters into, and assimilates with a man's mind, not what is thrown heavily on the surface; whenever the mind is inferior to its learning, the learning lies like lumps of marle on a barren soil; one will never enrich the other, unless they can be *worked together!*

CHAPTER V.

Their heads with straws from Rousseau's stubble crown'd
Our metaphysic madmen rave around,
With kings and priests they wage eternal war,
And LAWS, as *life's strait waistcoats* they abhor;
Regardless of his *raw material* MAN,
The calm philosopher pursues his plan;
A generation's in the process lost!

SHEE's *Rhymes on Art.*

A METAPHYSICO-POLITICO!

ONE of my Uncle's bosom friends, who was perpetually frightening him out of his wits, was the metaphysico-politico CACONOUS—He was the man for breaking an egg with a hammer; indeed he could have out-tired a little

devil, for he had 320 successive ideas in one second of time*!

With submission to my Uncle, CACONOUS had as many humps and zig-zag fibres in his "intellect" as any philo yet chronicled from the days of LUCIAN to those of STERNE. When he began with his "*antenatal impressions*" and concluded with the "*perfectibility of man*"—which you see is the widest range IN and OUT, of this *centripetal* philosophy, any metaphysician has yet taken, I doubted whether after all he knew more of man, than did the great turkey-cock in our yard, who when not regularly fed I deemed the more lively metaphysician! CACONOUS published a book called "Springes for Woodcocks!" it caught the chaffy vulgar; and for *size*, it might have served to paper all their roasted turkies

* In "Political Justice" we find this nice calculation, p. 331, in note, quarto edit.

to prevent their overbrowning, till the MILLENIUM of philosophy* !

This big book of his was the very pipe and tabor of topsy-turviness ! At once so frightened and so tickled, we all danced to it in merry sadness. Then, it was a gigantic steam-engine of reform, working the whole parish at a dismal rate; instead of our worshipful mayor and corporation of whom he made Gogs and Magogs, he wished us to have a new kind of *common council;* that we should all *discuss* matters with one another, master

* The *millenium* of philosophy is no fiction, if we can possibly believe KANT and CACONOUS. The former sees this age of celestial beatitude already begun among the five or six Illuminati he used to smoke with ; see a treatise by KANT on this very subject, in the preface to the MILLENIUM, a poem highly poetical, with notes abounding with curious learning and timely satire. It is only lately I met with this work, and am entirely ignorant of the author. Posterity will be indebted as pictures of this age, to "THE MILLENIUM," and the elegant "RHYMES ON ART."

and man! There was no end to one of us detecting by his acuteness the disquisitions of his neighbours, with metaphysical accuracy; so much discussion usually concluded with people making wry faces at one another*. What was fixed one week, a new metaphysician would overturn the next; what was established at one end of a street was overthrown at the other; and all by "first principles!" And as for the "Rights of Men," CACONOUS would not suffer one of us to sit, on the left, or the right side, of his chimney; or dine on beef, to-day, or to-morrow! And then his head so rambled, that if a man did the most urgent things in nature, CACONOUS kept

* This great Philo, instead of a government, recommends perpetual discussion, "so that the errors of one man may be detected by the acuteness and *severe disquisition* of his neighbours." POLIT. JUSTICE, *vol.* i. *p.* 186, 4to. edit.—Should this man live in a *very intelligent* neighbourhood, he will lead a sad life!

nodding his head with doubts whether they were, or were not " Political Justice* !"

Oh that CACONOUS had never preferred to choose, or chose to prefer†, those flim flams of

* Of these " Rights of Men" one is astonished after all this racketing and junketing, to discover they amount only to this! " If men have any *rights*, any discretionary powers, they must be in *things of total indifference!* as whether I sit on the *right* or on the *left* side of my *fire*, or *dine on beef* to-day or to-morrow. *Even these rights, are much fewer* than we are apt to imagine, since, before they can be *completely established*, it must be PROVED that my choice on one side or the other (of squatting himself by his own chimney, or eating beef or mutton,) can in any possible way contribute to the benefit or injury of myself, or of any other person in the *world!!*" *Vol.* i. *p.* 112, 4to. edit.

I felt myself so bewildered with these scruples, and was so terrified at the idea of *proving* my right to sit in the warmest corner of our chimney, that I usually gave it up at once to CACONOUS, and stood by him petrified at the reasonings of this unreasonable Philo.

† I always admired the jargonic metaphysics which pervade " Political Justice." The origin of CACONOUS's flim flams is elegantly and lucidly exhibited in the following unaccountable account.—" To per-

his! His metaphysicians in our town would not perform their *promises;* so that no man would take another man's word; nor would feel a little *gratitude* for a favour, though they were more spiteful than ever, if refused any. To metaphysicians without income, but as haughty as German princes, CACONOUS hinted that they might equalize property in a cosmopolitical manner; so whenever these metaphysicians were in our vicinity, we allowed every man to be his own constable. He was the cause of our married ladies breaking-up house-keeping, and hiring lodgings, not to live too long together with their husbands, in consequence of what CACONOUS had

ceive that I ought to publish a certain discovery, is to perceive that publishing is preferable to not publishing it. But to perceive a preference is to prefer, and to prefer is to choose. The process is in this case *complete"–ly nonsense!* an exquisite specimen this of "considering the causation of causes, in the causes of things." Pol. Justice, *p.* 352, 4to. edit.

written against "cohabitation." All the tradesmen, particularly the carpenters, petitioned against our making our own tables, &c. which CACONOUS said we might; but they asserted metaphysicians were at the best bunglers, or would *discuss* so much about table-making, that we should have no tables at all*!

As for the Philo himself, he was "*a new man of feeling*," and would not suffer another who had more natural sensations to wince at the twitch of a tooth-ach; and if his wife or his child lie dead before him, CACONOUS, like another Epictetus, declared they were only cracked pipkins, and it was a folly to suppose they would last for ever! If a metaphysician

* All property creates disputes, but in the millenium it will be thus *ad verbum*—"Do you want my table? make one for yourself, or if I be more skilful in that respect, I will make one for you. *Do you want it immediately? Let us* COMPARE *the urgency of* YOUR *wants* and MINE, *and let justice decide!*" See this in a political treatise! *p.* 858, 4to. edit.

was laughed at, or cuffed about, he assured him that his *mind* was still the same, and without a scratch from all this! When poor CACONOUS (for really I pitied him at times) was athirst, he would take water in his mouth, merely to spurt it in the face of my Uncle, to shew us all, that only weak minds are obliged to drink when a dry! Flesh and blood could not bear up with the stoic! CACONOUS with his hard-hearted fathers of old have exalted notions of their intellect; tell you they are very happy when they are vexed, and are in perfect health when confined to their bed. Nothing *exterior* can change their *energies*, so that they think themselves reasonable when the honest part of the world will swear they are half crazed!

Our choice wits discovered that CACONOUS was, in a more deplorable state than those he had metaphysicked; one of those who, if they happen to have no legs,

will set down patiently, though in a cursed passion, to write against the use of stockings. Indeed latterly this great metaphysician chaunted his palinody through many a sing-song preface, roguishly laughing at all his own terrific flim flams, as a joke, and civilly offered to blow out his farthing candles of philosophy with which he had designed to lanternise, or otherwise illuminate, an inoffensive star-lighted parish. Had his system been allowed to go on in our town, I believe it would have been now like that town which our late travellers are so much tickled by—Troy!—A post chaise might have driven over it, and never have known it had gone through it.

I cannot close this chapter without gratefully acknowledging, that we entirely owe our redemption from the eternal perdition of these metaphysicians—to Apothecaries' Hall! The Abderites in our town were so numerous,

that at length we were compelled to make all our physicians, high-constables; we had people taken up to have their heads shaven and their bodies cooled*. So that notwithstanding the book, composed by a certain other philosopher to recommend a pill of his own manufactory, we must agree that there is such a thing as "The Philosophy of Physic†," as well as "Political Justice."

* An excellent device of the late Empress of Russia. See CARR's entertaining Northern Summer.

† A quack book lately published, but not so much read as its predecessor.

CHAPTER VI.

Il versifiera donc! le beau genre de vie!
Ne se rendre fameux qu'a force de folie!
Etre pour ainsi dire, un homme hors des rangs,
Et le jouet titre des Petits et des Grands!
La Paresse, ou l'orgueil ont produit cette Race---
Que font ils pour l'Etat, pour les leurs, pour euxmemes?
DAMIS eut figure dans un poste honorable,
Mais ce ne sera plus qu'un gueux, qu'un miserable!
LA METROMANIE.

A MODERN BARD!

THIS grand metaphysician MADE a tragic and epic poet of a young stocking-weaver in our neighhourhood, (he might as well have MADE a man in a glass jar, as my Uncle afterwards attempted,) but whom seeing every day we, too familiarly, called DICK! He was a melancholy fellow, with an

odd rough slovenly appearance, slouching his hat over his eyes, and humming his verses as he stroamed the streets. He once got in the middle of a couplet, an indent from a pig of lead, and was run over, and nearly through, by half the porters in town. One might always perceive what was going on in the poetical way by his face; and whenever he complained of the tooth-ach, I was sure he was racked by an ode. He was perpetually alluding to his little merit; a trick to wheedle you into a corner, to read to you; for he had pocket-fulls of half similes, and epigrams which he could never finish.

According to CACONOUS's system, DICK had brought verse to such perfection, that reading it you might have sworn it was prose; but whether he excelled in epic or in epigram, he could not tell. He was always writing an epic whenever he had the vapours; and he had such a notion of his

" Domestic and Imperial Tragedy," in seven acts, with seventy *dramatis personæ*, that he usually declared he had given WILLY the *go-by* !*—I shall never admire DICK's poetry, unless it gets through a third reading in the Commons, shall pass the Lords, and shall finally receive the Royal Assent. On no other authority than that of an act of parliament, will I consider his poetry to be poetical.

DICK's favourite topics were much approved by CACONOUS; he composed " Sonnets to his Grandmother;" a set of " Elegies to a lame Ass," and an " Ode on a Coal-Barge going down the River, and a Pleasure-Boat sailing up," solemn, ethic, and political! I have ever deemed him a bard most humorously pathetic; but still I suspect whether

* A certain bard's expression concerning Shakspeare and himself.

his sensibility be half as much as he pretends to; for he composed a pathetic epitaph on a tame hare, but it was (what a flim-flam!) after he had roasted the hare for supper!

Have this class of poets a right to be such, without an income of 500*l.* a year? Ought we not to feel for their hard situations; to observe a man with a sublime scowl trotting on foot, splashed by the chariots of those, who live like princes on the plainest prose! DICK was sadly put to it at times, particularly when CACONOUS made his head ramble with notions of "local impressions," a system that proved how DICK might discover genius in some situations; notwithstanding that, in changing places, he could never get rid of himself!

DICK imagined, then, that if he were perched on the summit of the Andes, he would be in fine training for his epic, but at present being engaged only in a centenary of sonnets,

it struck him that he should never get through them, unless he retreated to the romantic solitude of Petrarcha; he wearied his friends by perpetual murmurs, that he saw their faces continually: I only wondered that they did not subscribe for his transportation. DICK discovered a VALCHIUSA in a small spot in the middle of our river, known by the name of *Duck Island.* It had a hovel, that DICK transformed into a *cavern-cottage;* then afterwards, to please a picturesquist, he called it a *cottage-cavern.* Here he chained a boat; whoever sought the bard hallooed from the river-bank! If he liked their faces, he pushed off the boat, which floated like a boat in romance towards the favoured guest.

CHAPTER VII.

He by the way can spy
How matters go with half an eye;
And loves in proper time and place
To laugh behind the gravest face.
R. OWEN, CAMBRIDGE, *from Horace.*

OUR CURATE—MY UNCLE'S COUNTY HISTORY, AND ROMAN LACHRYMATORY.

ONE of our inmates was WILMOT the curate, and who, like most unbeneficed curates, was the Diogenes of his flock, smiling in bitterness of spirit. I never fancied his dark and restless eye; his nose curled up a little at the end, and the satiricalness of his sharp

chin. He had an odd way of nodding his head when you thought him in the kindest humour possible, and at length I comprehended his ambidextrous panegyrics, and his epigrammatic flouts. If this imp of drollery loved merriment a good deal, he loved malice much more.

His uncle, an apothecary, compelled him to rise at four every morning to walk through the town, with a pair of tongs, to pick up all the *album græcum*; in plain English—but the reader may prefer having it duly prepared by his own apothecary *.

This provoked the spleen of our Cynic into poetry; in a rage he covered the gallipots with epigrams, sent home family bolusses wrapped up in "Characters in Verse," and labelled the new golden pestle and mortar of

* This valuable *drug*, which falls from the tails of dogs, is freely used in *sore throats*, &c.

his uncle with a distich, which the whole town got by heart; but his uncle convinced him that he enjoyed the longest memory, remembering it to the day of his death; the only legacy he left the epigrammatic nephew.

When WILMOT obtained our curacy, he soon ingratiated himself with my Uncle, who was then emptying fifty ink-horns on his *County History*. When my Uncle was busily scouring the county, to write this said history, WILMOT would most pleasantly unbuckle my Uncle's spurs, and pull off his boots; afterwards having obtained another curacy, he threw boots and spurs at my Uncle's head—and then we discovered his character! yet WILMOT was at first very useful for my Uncle's county history; he pricked down from parish registers all the bastards, to correct my Uncle's pedigrees, which got us more ill-blood than my Uncle was aware of; then he chronicled the storms

of brick-bats: the great drought that raised the price of peas; the pulling down our church-clock to put it up again, and how we found therein an owl's nest; transcribed epitaphs on people near 200 years old, as he made their ages out, and gave other droll turns to these pathetic compositions; finally, he made drawings of ancient houses long since pulled down, and which, of course, admitted them to be more particularly described than had they been standing; the heirs who paid for these engravings, for the honour of the family, were allowed to slide in little eulogies of all the great uncles and the forgotten aunts in the county.

But WILMOT, an heretic in the creed of antiquity, often when my Uncle in full sail was driving before the wind, by the magic of incredulity, would draw it all away, and provokingly becalm him! He affirmed, that all the nonsense of antiquity ought to be laid

to the account of the rambling heads of certain antiquaries. One day, screwing up his phiz at one of my Uncle's *Roman Lachrymatories,* he impudently declared it was no such thing! he did not deny it was a lachrymatory—but he denied that lachrymatories were lachrymatories*!

He so perplexed my Uncle with the difficulties he raised against the possibility of these ancient vessels being used for the purpose of catching tears—that my Uncle la-

* These small sepulchral vessels or phials have been considered as intended for the reception of *tears* in honour of some deceased friend, and afterwards deposited in his tomb. Mr. Douglas, in his *Nenia Britannica,* observes, that the expression "*cum lachrymis posuere,*" has been accepted too *literally* as a deposit of tears, while it only intimates the sorrow of surviving friends. These phials probably contained some offering of superstition or affection. There is a remarkable expression in Psalm lvi. v. 8. "Put thou *my tears into thy bottle.*" Does this allude to a *lachrymatory?*

mented it was not in his power to get rid of all these difficulties, by having in his own possession a bottle of *genuine Roman tears*— which, however, afterwards, WILMOT obtained for us!

CHAPTER VIII.

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!
He shews on holidays a sacred pin,
That touched the Ruff, that touched Queen Bess's chin!
YOUNG's *Universal Passion*, Sat. iv.

AN ANTIQUARIAN WARDROBE—AND SUBLIME GRAVE-DIGGING!

THE period arrived when my Uncle usually commenced his antiquarian peregrinations on horseback. Now of all "the pains and penalties" of Nepotism, was this one of travelling with my Uncle; so grotesque a figure did he make, that we never past through a village but the greater part accompanied us out of it.

At this time my Uncle's passion for his Antiquarian Wardrobe, was at its height; when in town he never walked down Monmouth-street without picking up some ancient mantua, or a pair of brodekins, or a Steenkirk necklace. Every *rag* had its *anecdote*; and he proposed writing a *history of England*, to consist entirely of these *remnants*, as indicating either the characters of the wearers, or the state of the manners—and the arts. My Uncle could philosophise on an old shoe, and describe the morals of the age, by the looseness, or the tightness, of a pair of breeches; and the transparency, or the plaited closeness of a woman's tucker.

Like other collectors, he was vain, when a happy occasion occurred, to exhibit some of those curiosities, which Time, and their ancient masters, rendered precious to my eyes. When my Uncle would fling me a crown-piece, I liked it the better for its coming out

of a crimson purse given by Henry VIII. to Anne Bulleign: I believed with him that his shoeing-horn was the most admirable of all horns to pull a man's shoes on, having been Sir Christopher Hatton's, the dancing Lord-keeper. Even the black leather jack, lined with tin, and mounted in silver, which he drank from occasionally, much delighted our house; for it had been Queen Elizabeth's black-jack, and there existed a tradition (at least in our house) that the two indents on the rim, were the marks of that Royal Virgin and Virago's bite.

Now when my Uncle travelled on horseback, he rode on a great hunting saddle, with horns in front. This saddle, must formerly have been richly embroidered, for the stitch-work, though the stitches had all flown, was still to be traced by a nice and curious eye—it had been the great Duke of Newcastle's, who wrote the celebrated work on

horsemanship, and rode so well in Charles the First's reign, but was now the cause, of my Uncle riding so uneasy, in the present. Then he had somebody's gilt stirrups, which had nothing amiss in them but their unmanageable size. What I chiefly remonstrated with him for, was wearing a pair of leather gloves with stiff-tops, lined with silk, and fringed with silk.

To all my objections, my Uncle replied, that certain collectors purchased these curiosities at high prices, but that if, on a new system of œconomy, they would bring them into *common use*, it would greatly reduce their cost! Nothing would so soon set the fashion (or if you chuse the fashions) as the whole *Society of Antiquaries*, when they assembled, to come down, *dressed in their own dresses* !*

* I refer the *incurious* to the late Mr. IRELAND's catalogue of his antiquarian wardrobe—the *curious*

WILMOT seized on this opportunity to urge my Uncle to a desperate adventure;

preserve that precious list. I myself stood there, sighing for a "part of Charles the First's cloak"—"three spurs with a spur-leather, and testimonials to prove that they were discovered in an apartment at Hurley-place in Berkshire"—"a leather shoe pinked, supposed to have been worn by Lady Lovelace in the time of Charles I. being found in the same place." I would have made a rich acquisition in a lock "of Edward the Fourth's hair, in the perfect state, in a red morocco case;" but as it was accompanied by "a purse made of glass beads, given by Shakspeare to his eldest daughter," I began to have rank suspicions. This catalogue presents, however, a very exact picture of the humours of those unhappy men who would pawn their breeches to purchase Oliver Cromwell's jerkin!

We have lately been favoured with a *tailor's bill* of the reign of James I. See ARCHÆOLOGIA, *vol.* xvi. Dissertations, "on the Antiquity of Horseshoes," *vol.* iii.; another, "on Shoeing of Horses among the Ancients;" Observations "on Ancient Spurs."—We have also heard a most erudite dissertation on some *snuff boxes* of the reign of James I.; likewise *receipts of cookery*. Mr. GUSTAVUS BRANDER has indeed *published* "The Forme of Cury," a cookery book compiled about 1390. How will

nothing less than to break into certain tumuli, or barrows, in our neighbourhood, for funeral treasures*.

the reader relish "a whole porpoise roasted," or "a dolphin in broth?" Even Pennant acknowledges, that "excepting a magician of Laputa could conjure up a few of the cooks of Richard II. I despair of ever treating *my brethren with a feast à l'antique.*" LONDON, *p.* 89.

But to return to our *old clothes!* these *relics* of superstitious antiquarianism! The *same taste* for DRESS has prevailed among the *classical antiquaries,* whom ADDISON rallies in his dialogues on medals—"*Sigonius* will tell you, that the *vestis trabeata* are of such a particular fashion; *Scaliger* is for another, and *Dacier* thinks them both in the wrong.—These are (says Cinthio) I suppose, the names of three Roman tailors, for is it possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature?" Ah, little know the incurious what sublime pleasure there is in rumpling "a point lace apron, such as cardinals wear;" or be pricked by a pin, which once stuck in Queen Bess's ruff! Our *united efforts* have been very useful to these virtuosi!

TAG *and* RAG!

* These BARROWS are artificial hills, seen in various parts of these kingdoms, and anciently reared

I started at the project! since the time my Uncle traced his maps of the Roman roads in Scotland, which cost him a round thousand pounds, I abominated to hear a word concerning the "British Roman Antiquities." My Uncle, indeed, got the thanks of the antiquarian society, but the family never ceased to grumble, to have been made such sufferers, by the inroads of the Romans.

Even my Uncle shook his head at the proposal, and querulously moaned out that he had already opened six!

over the slain after a battle; they are perseveringly opened by antiquaries, who are blessed with an intrepidity of purse, in the hopes of finding curious remains of antiquity. The nugatory articles they have hitherto found, will not convince them of their folly; — combs without teeth, buckles without tongues, and brass pots that will not hold water. Happy is the antiquary who can fall on a Danish dagger, which will never again spill a Briton's blood, from the flexibility of its subdued *temper*, and the tenderness of its *age*.

"Let me open a seventh!" cried WILMOT.—"Crack one at the *Apex!* you have hitherto wanted judgment to keep out of the riff-raff of the Romans and Saxons; but when you get among the spears of generals, the bracelets of beauties, Danish daggers and Roman lachrymatories, then you ought never to quit the barrow, cost what it may—'tis a very toy-shop for the children of erudition!"

"However," replied my Uncle, "I have got a Saxon's round skull, carved into a goblet; and I have made tobacco-pipes out of the whitened bones of an ancient Briton*."

* Mr. DOUGLAS, who has opened many a tumuli, in his curious work entitled NENIA BRITANNICA, tells us, "my intercessions could not prevail on Sir Henry Oxenden, nor on his lady, to forego a pious veneration entertained for the ashes of the ancients." He then lets us into a secret, what some antiquaries have done with the skeletons of the Saxons, Danes, and Britons, they purchase at such a high price. "I confess (continues Mr. DOUGLAS) with BROWNE in his work on urn-burial, that 'to

be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes for delight and sport, are tragical abominations,' therefore (continued Mr. DOUGLAS) had the hospitable baronet of Broom permitted my antiquarian spirit to have been appeased by the opening of these barrows, *no drinking bowls, no tobacco pipes,* should have been made of their contents."—It seems he would only have placed them in his cabinet, which, he declares, is a more *comfortable security* for *rotten bones* than a *bleak cold heath!* However, Mr. DOUGLAS says, "he would not answer when he shall be no more, that some *future virtuoso*, would not be so scrupulous!" So that Sir Henry Oxenden's suspicions appear to have been well founded! *p.* 39.

TAG.

CHAPTER IX.

Another band of yet superior skill
Trace valiant Arthur's march from hill to hill;
Can tell within ten minutes at the most
When Canute landed on the Kentish Coast;
When first Mancunium from a pig-stye turned,
When first in Saxon chimnies charcoal burned.

WHAT SOME ANTIQUARIES CAN, AND OTHER PEOPLE CANNOT, SEE IN THE SAME PLACE—A GENTLEMAN ON OX-BACK!

We issued on this memorable expedition, and at first jogged on in that pace which is sure to awaken a sober thought in the horseman who is riding after a silly affair. My Uncle seemed fast repenting of his resolution, to crack the apex of a seventh barrow!

but suddenly recollecting certain other antiquities, he flew into a gallop and took us twenty miles across the country to pay a visit to the corpse of an abbot in a stone coffin, and to weigh a pig of lead, which had been so, in the reign of Claudius.

Crossing the downs we came to a dry ditch, at which my Uncle suddenly halted—he looked about him curiously, and then snapped his fingers, with an air of triumph.

"I perceive a discovery!" cried WILMOT.

"Yes," replied my Uncle, "don't you see we are in the midst of a Roman camp?"

We stared on all sides—

"So then," he continued, "you don't perceive this excavation was the entrenchment of one of Cæsar's camps?"

WILMOT smiled, and observed, that—"The right antiquary, Janus-like, sees backwards, while he is looking on what is placed before him; one reason, perhaps,

why he has so often blundered on what lies under his nose." This he swore was a dry ditch.

My Uncle, raising himself up stifly on his great gilt stirrups, and stooping over the horns of the Duke of Newcastle's saddle, to our astonishment declared, that "we must imagine this dry ditch, of forty paces square, to have been once about 400 in breadth, and 500 in length."

WILMOT protested against such flim-flamming.

My Uncle tartly replied, "That if this was not allowed him, it could never have been a Roman entrenchment; but this granted, the disposition of the camp was clear. Where you stand, WILMOT, was Cæsar's *Prætorium!* and where that silly nephew of mine is fixed with his mouth wide open, were the quarters of Crassus, the quæstor! It was down that hill the king of London, his

name was Mandubrace, poured down his troops. Cæsar would disguise the event of that day, but depend on it, that it was most honourable——"

"To those most ancient cocknies!" interrupted WILMOT. "But will you venture to give battle in your county-history?"

"I will comment on Cæsar's Commentaries, and record his defeats, which he never does himself*!"

* In this manner have visionary antiquaries described their national antiquities. Dr. STUKELEY was an eternal discoverer in this class; and the present Roman camp, made out of a dry ditch, is derived from one the Doctor pretended he had discovered; noticed by Mr. LYSONS in his "Environs of London." Several scholars of undoubted erudition are now writing volumes, either from similar facts, or theoretical conjectures. Mr. WHITAKER has called this "an amiable credulity of spirit." The *Trojans*, those I mean who have travelled through the Troad, Messrs. CHEVALIER, MORRITZ, and GELL, have performed their travels in the same style of *perspective erudition*.

My Uncle's spirit was wound up, and when we approached the barrows, in a rhapsody he declared, that "there was a world underneath, as well as a world above—and a far more precious world! one abounding with the coins, and brass, and pottery of other ages! Breaking into barrows, measuring the Roman roads in Scotland, and such like things, are all national concerns."

Silent hitherto, more from vexation than modesty, I now ventured to say, that I would leave them all, therefore, to the care of government.

"You!" my Uncle pettishly retorted, "for such like you, our barrows might never be opened till the day when all kinds of graves must be! But my nephew is right, that our government ought to be antiquarian, if you wish for a perpetual peace. The Pope is the head of an antiquarian monar-

chy; and in his bloodless negotiations, his only political cares are to preserve the whole statues in Rome, and export the maimed ones; to keep his exchange, of the small Roman brass for English bullion, above par; and for his state-correspondence, his secretary has only to spell out, illegible inscriptions. But he sleeps under his tiara! why does he not drag the Tyber, or turn its waters, to see what lies at its bottom? Every amateur would dive like a pearl-fisher, and every Cicerone would work on the river like a galley-slave."

"We should then collect every thing the ancient Romans had thrown away," observed WILMOT.

My Uncle declared, "that whatever the ancients had thrown away, is most precious to some of the moderns; and a cracked pipkin from a Roman kitchen, is considered as

a piece of classical antiquity, and might serve to twist into a new reading, a line of Horace or Juvenal."

A country gentleman now approached, who excited our surprise, being as remarkably caparisoned, as my Uncle. He was mounted on an ox, saddled and bridled ; he had neither whip nor stirrups, but he had long spurs, with which he goaded the animal. He held with difficulty, between his arm and breast, a prodigious turnip, which he eyed, as fondly, as a lady does a blown rose in January.

My Uncle's thoughts were running on the tumuli. Whenever he was abstracted in one prevailing idea, my Uncle was apt to leave out those intermediate ones, which are very necessary for those persons who are sure to miscomprehend you, unless you tell them all you mean.

Saluting the stranger, he immediately enquired, "where the battle was fought?"

"Half a mile further on the left," he replied.

"The Society," continued my Uncle, "differ concerning the precise spot! it was one of the severest recorded!"

"A tight match to be sure! As for the Society, whoever they may be, not a child in the village but can put them to rights."

"By tradition, no doubt!"—My Uncle nodded.

"Pray," asked WILMOT, turning to the stranger, "who won?"

"It was a drawn battle," he replied.

"Zounds!" exclaimed my Uncle, for such a battle seemed to agree with Cæsar's account, and not with the one he meant to give the world—"a drawn battle! with all these tumuli about us!"

The stranger now measured with his eye

my Uncle, his hunting saddle, his gilt stirrups, and his fringed gloves!

"Pray," said he, turning to me, "who is this gentleman?"

I modestly replied—"My Uncle!"

He pulled Wilmot aside—"My friend! who is the gentleman with the fringed gloves?"

Wilmot solemnly replied—"The great antiquary who is writing the County History!"

"The County History!" exclaimed Bulbo (that was the stranger's name)—"What an undertaking! Our county has the newest races of apples, and the fattest oxen! See what our common turnips are! I feed my little elephants, my Chinese pigs, on them! All the old varieties of the Herefordshire apples are worn out; there will not be an apple left, through that depopulated county. As for their scraggy breed, I have raised

meat to half a crown a pound, though every pound of flesh has stood me in a pound in good money. I have done my duty for the county, let the historian do his!" He concluded by butting his head.

"Pray, sir," asked my Uncle, pulling up his fringed gloves, "how is it that you ride an ox?"

"To conquer public prejudice!" BULBO replied.—"A fierce controversy rages among the dilettanti in our way, whether oxen are not as competent as horses, for purposes to which horses seem best adapted. I strain a new theory to the last drop, and not only deem them so, but for an airing, an ox is a most easy lady's horse! I hope yet to see the King's plate won by my ox, against any Hereford bull of them all!"

We found much to explain between the parties—BULBO's fight having occurred lately between two pugilists, there was nearly a

thousand years difference between BULBO's and my Uncle's battle!

We informed BULBO that we were on an antiquarian expedition, and on the look-out to break into some lucky barrow to illustrate the Roman and British Antiquities. The prime-breeder was delighted by forming an acquaintance with the county-historian, and requested us to adjourn to his house: he already anticipated the immortality of my Uncle's laborious quill, and beheld his own prize-ox, engraved in imperial quarto!

CHAPTER X.

But chief their toils with zest peculiar charm,
Who teach to feed the flock, and till the farm;
Who still in view man's lofty function keep
To fatten calves, and mend the breed of sheep,
A rough shod race!

SHEE's *Rhymes on Art.*

AN AGRICULTURIST!

BULBO was a cattle-fancier, who thought to deserve well of his country, by giving them more fat than lean, and had a notion that he could nearly new create an animal, into any size, or shape. This prime-breeder would nurse an ox into a plethora, and rock a bull into a lethargy; yet one of his barrel-shaped monsters, while it devoured four times as

much as any natural ox, after all, was not considered in Smithfield, as fit to be eaten by christian people *.

In his familiar intercourse with brutes, it was to be expected that he would naturally contract some of their habits. Bulbo, chafed in argument, would butt his head like his own celebrated black ram, and often haughtily knit his brows, affecting the air of his prize-ox, in a shew of cattle.

With this favourite pursuit, he united a patriotic passion for our cyder counties, but with a perpetual jealousy for Herefordshire, and an equal rancour against its oxen, and its apples. At times he experienced very uneasy sensations respecting the extinction of the *races* of apples, and pathetically de-

* They aim to render an animal slothful, and, if possible, incapable of motion, because those which possess what they call "a disposition to quietness," fatten on a less quantity of food, than the sprightly healthful animal of nature.

scribed their forlorn situation. With the same intrepidity of soul, that characterizes my Uncle and his friends, he boldly assumed the magnanimous title of " The Orchardist of all England *!"

On arriving at the house of the prime-breeder, we wished immediately to see his prodigious ox; but the bull was taking his afternoon nap, and the rustic Socrates, would not have his favourite Alcibiades disturbed.

However, as we insisted on seeing something gigantic alive, he did shew us a hogan-mogan—a huge black Flanders waggon-horse, about twenty-five hands high, which he had offered to breed from, but not one in the county would venture a natural mare, in his tremendous embrace. BULBO sorrowfully observed, ' that after all his cost and care,

* See a series of communications, under this *title,* in the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences.

the hogan-mogan would probably die a batchelor; his master would never live to see a race of waggon-horses saddled.' He added, there is a *littleness* in this age! notwithstanding they wear pantaloons, every thing else about us is on a very small scale!

He led us to his sheep-house, and through a due gradation we reached his ram, called through the county the two-pounder, and for which Lord Dribble had offered one thousand guineas; but BULBO declared, if my lord offered two, he should not have the two-pounder*!

* The father of our prime-breeders was the late Mr. BAKEWELL. See an account of his flim-flamming the virtuosi in horned curiosities, in his Life in NECROLOGY, *p.* 199.—The Universal Magazine, August, 1796, tells us, he first let out his rams under a guinea for a season, and at length obtained four hundred for a season only! He once let out a bull to improve a gentleman's stock, which was sold with the rest of the effects, only for eight pounds, to a butcher, who slaughtered and sold his flesh at the

"Why not?" drily inquired WILMOT.

BULBO stared! "I hope," said he earnestly, "you are not a *cross-breeder*? I breed *in-and-in*!"

We were uninitiated into the mysteries of "live stock;" and WILMOT confessed, "we had hitherto eaten our mutton stupidly enough, considering the age we live in; an age in which lords and dukes are mere farmers' men!"

usual price, and might have sworn "the biggest calf is not the sweetest veal." BAKEWELL laid his action, and recovered two hundred and fifty pounds for this same bull, which had sold at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb!! The jury were, no doubt, composed of amateurs! He attempted to introduce a new race of *gigantic saddle-horses;* his partiality for his own Dishley breed, which originated in Flanders, excited more mirth, than jealousy, among the Newmarket patrons of the racing kind, which BAKEWELL seemed to wish were annihilated. His offer of a huge black cart-horse, exhibited to his Majesty as a proper stallion for the produce of *saddle-horses,* is of sufficient notoriety.

The docility of pupils was a comfort BULBO rarely enjoyed — the county was against him!

So with that infinite gravity, that well deserved a graver cause, BULBO opened himself—he told us, "the prime-breeders were watching one another with a menacing eye. One school crosses various breeds, to supply the defects of the one by the perfections of another; the other, breed from the most perfect animals of the same family."

"And you object to the *cross-breeders?*"

BULBO started three steps backwards, screaming out, "What cool language! Sir, I abhor this horrid commixture of dissimilar breeds; the noble with the ignoble, the small, with the large-boned. Go on thus, and the world will grow up into confusion! uncles, nephews, sisters, and cousins, will be so injudiciously *cross-bred*, that not *a family* can exist! The oldest sheep-family may be

so *cross-bred*, as hardly to have any thing worth calling mutton to shew."

"'Tis thus," cried my Uncle, "with my unlucky 'Anecdotes of Heraldry:' the subscribers to county histories will have their pedigrees, with so much *cross-breeding* in our county! A miller, or a maltster, gets into a race of Norman barons, and I am doomed

'To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer'!"

"Hum! mark the difference!" continued BULBO:—"This ram is bred *in-and-in*; through all his line, family, and blood; never till now was known the hereditary genius of a ram; father and mother were brother and sister of the primest connections in the county!"—And here he described his small head, broad shoulders, daring eyes; all his father's hardiness, and his mother's lovely chine.

BULBO tickled the ram, who, as wanton as his pampered appetites could make him,

began butting, and plunging into the midst of us. My Uncle uttered a piteous shriek: and lo! we beheld one of the stiff tops of the fringed gloves fluttering in the mouth of the ramping creature, who finding the callousness of two centuries in it, stamped on it with its little passionate feet.

Though all this was effected in a moment, were I to analyse the rapid sensations of my Uncle, I could not do it in less than fourteen chapters, on CACONOUS's metaphysical mode of memoir-writing!

While BULBO was all in rapture at the vivaciousness of his ram, WILMOT attempted to convince him of the serious injury he had done my Uncle, who was desponding in a corner; but BULBO declared that my Uncle should be no loser; he had a new pair of Woodstock gloves at his service.

My Uncle, in the agony of his soul, exclaimed—"It is not *my* glove! Who could

have thought that this leather glove, with stiff top lined with silk, and fringed with silk, once Lord Burleigh's, should, in my life-time, come to this deplorable end! Sir, (continued he, turning to BULBO) the injury is irreparable! the glove is 200 years old!"

"Luckily in a pair of gloves," (observed WILMOT) "misfortune may reach us only half-way!"

"True," (replied my Uncle) "in antique gloves! I will hang up this whole glove by the side of the great dress shoe of the proud Dutchess of Richmond, who never could get James I. to marry her, though she dressed so well."

"Who the devil could be aware of all this?" cried BULBO. "To wear such valuable curiosities is not the right way to preserve them."

"This shall be the last excursion, then,

I will make on the great Duke of Newcastle's hunting saddle," said my Uncle.

" I should like to try that great horned saddle of your's," said BULBO, " on the ox I rode this morning. Our saddles are penuriously manufactured; we want bull-saddles."

But my Uncle was now so fearful of accidents, that he resolved to pack it up, and send his saddle home—before him!

CHAPTER XI.

With bliss botanic as their bosoms heave,
Still pluck forbidden fruit with mother Eve,
For puberty in sighing florets pant,
And point the prostitution of—a plant!

THE UNSEXED FEMALES, *p.* 8.

VALLISNERIA CANNOT BREED OUT OF A MELON! BUT GIVES BIRTH TO A FAMILY OF MONSTERS!—SICK TREES QUACKED!—LEGS OF MUTTON FOR POSTERITY!

WHEN we returned to the house we were introduced to Mrs. VALLISNERIA BULBO*, a lady of romantic sensibility, whose bosom

* VALLISNERIA is one of the most passionate plants. She is a water-nymph, but this tender creature floats on the *surface* of the water, while her male friend, resides under. This separation occasions innumerable gallantries. Sometimes she rises, and stretches her length, to catch the amorous

palpitated with far tenderer sympathies than any other person (except perhaps our dilettante) recorded in this authentic piece of philosophical biography. She sighed for the whole vegetable race! But though a coquette among the beaux and belles of LINNÆUS, she had her favourite concealed in the most secret solitude. She was what botanists term a *monograph*, that is, one who bestows all her soul, on a single plant. She flattered herself she was on the point of seeing in her botanical garden, what no botanist had ever yet seen, a mongrel plant without a name. LINNÆUS has proved that the *datisca* (bastard hemp) had for its father, *hemp*, and for its mother the *reseda* (bastard-rocket)—VALLISNERIA thought she had given birth to a *new plant*, born of the *sanguisorba* (greater

kisses of her lover at a great distance, while at others the gentleman under the water, whenever he is *old* enough, ventures to fly upwards!

wild-burnet,) with the dust of the *pistia* (kodda-pail)—but provoking! she had only produced an entire mongrel-family, who turned out, after all her pains, *eunuchi;* full flowers, but barren seed*! She was a sensualist, I mean a sexualist, and in the system of LINNÆUS had plunged herself, head over ears, in love.

The amiable VALLISNERIA was perpetually opposed by GOBBO, a sanguinary naturalist; a blue beard among turkies, and snails, and spiders, and frogs, and earwigs. GOBBO would

* The learned ADANSON, proposes to botanists this principle to fecundate plants of different sexes and classes—to unite hemp and hops; to multiply the nettle by the mulberry, the willow by the poplar, and the palma-christi by the milk-thistle.

Monsieur DE SALES, of whom more anon, is enraptured by this *mixture* of *species*, and sighs to see the botanic garden in one sublime confusion of sexes, and races—how he afterwards carries on this confusion of nature, to *animals*, will be shewn, and ought to create alarm, lest we should meet nothing but *mongrels* in our streets, as well as in the botanic garden!

not credit a tittle of the sexual system, notwithstanding that VALLISNERIA was celebrated for her curious discoveries, on the castration of plants! With her knife held cautiously in her hand, while GOBBO watched her, poring through his microscope, she shewed how miserable and forlorn a *male melon* (as she called it) might be made, and that without an intercourse with a *female melon*, it produced no young ones.—But GOBBO, gloomily grinned, at what VALLISNERIA termed, the *marriage of plants.* At length she attempted the experiment before GOBBO; but too "tremblingly alive all o'er," she could never keep her hand, steadily, in the explosion of the *pollen*, on the *stigmata;* so that the experiment turned out very unexpectedly to her, and her friends; she never was able to *breed out of a melon* !*

* The LINNÆAN SYSTEM is so imaginary; the analogies are strained to such a ridiculous excess, and

A sentimental tenderness was diffused in her air, her ideas, and her tones, which sof-

besides are so indecent, that several philosophers, lamenting to wear the fetters of a fanciful system, have at length attacked its propriety, and its truth.

LINNÆUS gravely tells us, that, "the CALIX represents the *marriage-bed;* the COROLLA *the curtains;* the ANTHERÆ and the STIGMATA are the male and female *organs;* the POLLEN or dust includes the generative faculty.

Is this entire *sexual system* any thing more than an authorized fiction? Some think it an hypothesis neither founded on reason, or fact. Of the connubial happiness of plants, nothing may yet remain but all the *amoretti* of DARWIN!

SMELLIE asserts, that the LINNÆAN SYSTEM is a theory unsupported by facts or arguments. Dr. ALSTON in a very spirited dissertation in the first volume of the "Edinburgh Physical and Literary Essays," terms the whole sexual system "a hideous superstructure"—the analogies between *plants* and *animals*, "fulsome and obscene;" and that LINNÆUS, notwithstanding his laborious ingenuity, has done more prejudice, than good to science; his method in botany, being worse than no method at all.—Several of the arguments against the *sexes* of the plants remain unanswered by the sexualists. See MILNE's Botanical Dictionary, Art. *Sexus Plantarum.*

tened the harsh humours of her husband, and, as I may say, enchanted the heart of a bul-

SMELLIE demonstrates the whole pretended process is formed on self-destroying principles, so that no such thing, as the sexualists assert, ever can take place. He has given some very entertaining difficulties, which appear to occur in these amours. See Philosophy of Natural History, *vol.* i. *p.* 252.

I find, however, in the Philosophical Magazine, *vol.* i. *p.* 306, that the ingenious editor, who does not chuse to close for ever his book of "portents and prodigies," and therefore naturally wishes the world may not have all their wonders explained away, goes to such an indecent length as to describe "certain particular movements in the sexual parts at the time of their fecundation," and adds, that lately was *seen* the impregnation of a plant! He gives the amours of a *conferva*, a kind of *moss*, which, by means of a most admirable microscope, two French citizens saw the *ova* clearly at the moment of uniting! but I must castrate the philosophical language! This (he exclaims) is the *first instance* in the vegetable kingdom of a reproduction absolutely analogous to that among *animals!*

The *too curious* reader is referred to Dr. DARWIN's *Phytologia, sect.* VII. ii. 2. *p.* 107.—The Philo has chronicled some scandalous anecdotes of certain *depraved plants*, for which they ought to have been pilloried!

BOBTAIL.

lock. They fondled their plants as nurses do their babies, and conversed of the maladies of their trees, as physicians of their patients* !

Oh! why was that charming countenance suffused by the paleness of melancholy ! Our amiable hostess seemed the victim of domestic infelicity. It was natural in us, at first to suspect that the austerity of such a prime-breeder as BULBO, shook the mimosa delicacy of VALLISNERIA.

BULBO cheered us with our luck that day; we were to muttonise on a gala sheep, which, cried he, would have been mutton for the

* See a paper in the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, *vol.* xviii. *p.* 300. The writer mentions "the *pulsation* of a tree," is alarmed at the chance of its "getting into a *high fever*, either by *feeding* on two much earth, or by the tender fibres being *chilled* by too much water;" the result is, that a tree ought to be kept as clean as a christian, and "be well washed and made delicately smooth and soft."

gods, had the gods been mutton-eaters! The carcase-butcher had lifted his hands in astonishment at the quartering, declaring it was dying with fat! As soon as the animal came into the world (continued he) I began to fatten! There's a new fashion in beasts! Nature is too scraggy; all her animals are as shabby as the Herefordshire breed!

He now surprised by an odd novelty; he presented each of us with a coloured drawing of a leg of mutton! "I had them" (said he) "carefully copied after the original! Mark that mountain of snowy fat, delicately relieved, by a thin stripe of red lean! Since our posterity cannot eat with us, at least we will give them some notion of the mutton of this age!"

VALLISNERIA sighed from the bottom of her heart. We instantly turned to her.

BULBO anxiously enquired whether her patient had a chance of recovery?

" Dear Bulbo," she replied, " in cases of checked transpiration, and interrupted circulation, I will never more indulge a hope!"

" Madam!" exclaimed my Uncle, " you alarm me! I, who seek for antiquity in the very fens and marshes of the county, am so subject to rheums and rheumatics!"

" Ah!" (she cried) " it was chilled by too much water."

We thought it was some gouty friend under Dr. KINGSLAKE's cold water specific.

" Then again," (she continued) " it fed on too much earth."

" A female, I presume;" (observed WILMOT) " with a green sickness, which impels the vitiated appetite to feed on the oddest trash!"

" Green sickness!" exclaimed VALLISNERIA, " I never heard of such a malady!"

BULBO seemed to reproach her that she had

not sufficiently applied plenty of urine and soap suds—she declared she had; but they bound the poor thing in every pore*!

* Forsyth on the Culture and Management of Fruit-trees. The late Mr. Forsyth, his Majesty's gardener, invented a *plaister* to make *old trees* grow *young*. He obtained a premium from Parliament. The virtue of the plaister was impeached, and the magic of filling the hollows of *dying trees* with new wood, was considered as a flim flam. They are to be viewed in Kensington Gardens.

Mr. Forsyth details his controversy with Mr. Thomas Andrews Knight. It is a very curious one; and whether an old tree can receive a rejuvenescence, has produced as much virulence and calumny, as may be found in the logomachy of polemics. The most enraged jacobin, and the most zealous royalist, never denounced each other with more inveteracy. It is a war of extermination! Invective, calumny, malice, have drugged their bitter cup.

Mr. Knight accuses Mr. Forsyth of buying fruit at Covent Garden for his Majesty's dessert, pretending it was picked from his *old new trees!*—says that Mr. F. shewed him a *branch*, which he declared was *three* years old, but which Mr. K. perceived must have been *five!* Then he wishes to know how many peach and nectarine trees, died under his plaistering hands!

Here I could not help crying out—"Madam, madam! With these new quackeries you have certainly murdered a christian!"

Mr. KNIGHT, is an enthusiast—his patriotism sighs to convert his country into—one vast orchard, and make all Europe cast their longing eyes on three entire kingdoms—of apples! But pass this! He particularly offended Mr. FORSYTH by saying that he "suspects a *combination* between Dr. ANDERSON and Mr. FORSYTH!"—Had he suspected one, between France and Russia, he could not have felt more uneasy.

It seems that Dr. ANDERSON has invented a brobdignagian *forcing house;* Mr. FORSYTH is said to have stood forwards to attest its excellence; and the Doctor is suspected of sharing profits with Mr. F.—All this is denied. But it naturally called the Doctor from the quiet labours of his gigantic forcing house; and if I understand a word of my mother tongue, has produced a *challenge,* with time, and place. As Mr. KNIGHT, loiters in his *orchard,* and quits it as reluctantly as the Doctor his *forcing-house,* the latter says, "I propose that when you come next to London, which I understand you usually do once a year, you will appoint a *day* and *hour* to meet me in *Kensington Gardens,* accompanied by *some gentlemen of sound understanding.*"—You see the Doctor is nice in the choice of the *seconds.* Mr. KNIGHT, and Dr. AN-

My Uncle looked furiously on me, while WILMOT trod on my toes.

"No christian!" said BULBO—"VALLISNERIA is talking of our great squash-pear-tree!"

"Barbarous comparison!" cried the too-feeling botanist; "is not a tree a creature endowed with all the faculties of animality? An animal, Jew or Christian, is our brother, but a tree, apple or pear, is our cousin*!

DERSON, were each to stand by the side of one of Mr. FORSYTH's *plaistered trees* in Kensington Gardens, with these *gentlemen of sound understanding*. But this HORTICULTURAL DUEL must have ended very harmlessly; for as each party brought an equal number of friends, it never could have come to a final decision—unless they were fools!

* Mr. WHITE observes, that there is no *limit* to the researches of modern philosophy. We find the following curious morsel in a treatise on the *Maladies of Elms*, read at the late Institute at Paris.

"It is a long time since the Abbe Roger Schabol has shewn the resemblances which subsist between the animal and vegetable œconomy, and the similitude both of the maladies and remedies, particularly in *surgical cases*. We may apply this theory to all

Here my Uncle rolled his eyes, and lifted his hands, while WILMOT trod on his toes, to check the same ignorant astonishment I had so innocently shewn.

The amiable VALLISNERIA, perceiving by his gestures my Uncle's ignorance, was preparing to disclose a new system of sublime sympathies, but BULBO insisted that we should first dine, for (added he) when she begins, my mutton always eats cold!

the maladies which arise from *checked transpiration and interrupted circulation!*

"TREES are *animated*, they have their *food*, their *enjoyments*, their *grief*, their *health*, their *illness*, their *watching*, their *sleep*, their *emanations*, their *absorptions*, their *infancy*, their *growth*, their *puberty*, their *manhood*, and their *love*.

"The man who does not find in *animals* YOUNGER BROTHERS, and in *plants* COUSINS, more or less removed, is unacquainted with *his own nature*, and is devoid of the *elements* of *morality*."

WHITE *on the Gradations in Man, p.* 6.

CHAPTER XII.

Shield, when cold Hesper sheds his dewy light,
MIMOSA's soft sensations from the night;
Fold her thin foliage, close her timid flowers,
And with ambrosial slumbers guard her bowers.

DARWIN.

PLANTS, UNFORTUNATE CREATURES! CAN NEITHER SEE, NOR HEAR, NOR TALK, AND WALK VERY BADLY; AND WHY!—ARE HOWEVER AS IRRITABLE AS CHRISTIANS, AND PERSPIRE LIKE THE LATTER—OF A FEMALE LYCHNIS WHO LIVED THE LIFE OF A NUN, CLOSELY WATCHED BY A DUENNA OF A PHILO, WHO, HOWEVER, DID NOT PREVENT HER LYING-IN.

THE mutton of BULBO, after all, proved no luxury; the digestion occasioning great horrors. The prime-breeder, at every mouthful, assured us "it had six inches of fat to the

bone, yet, he was positive, the creature could have borne an inch or two more——"

"Than we could!" dryly added WILMOT.

On this BULBO took fire; he had calculated how much fat a strong healthy human stomach could bear by that of GOBBO's—who, for the sake of the experiment, sailed to Greenland to anatomise a fresh whale, and roasted it on the spot.

"All I would observe," said WILMOT, "is, that were a Catholic to dine off this mutton on a meagre day, he must have a most impious stomach if he did not feel frequent *qualms!*"

The cloth was now removed, and the amiable VALLISNERIA turned to my Uncle resuming her querulous tones.

"I am amazed, sir! that a man of your erudition, without mentioning a word of your feeling, should so little sympathise with the tortures my squash-pear-tree must have endured.

My Uncle bowed once, gently, for the compliment, and twice much lower, in acknowledgment of his ignorance of the sensations of a plaistered pear-tree. Not but he had heard that some great souls of the present age were working up the Linnæan system, with such sentimental rapture. "In respect to my own pursuits, madam," he observed, "I am not without my feelings. I have a pair of *gilt chopines**, which I have no doubt were Lady Jane Grey's—and when I first purchased them, I could have wept over them! I do not allude to the money paid down. You know that learned beauty read Greek, but you do not, probably, that she wore *gilt chopines*. I can undertake to prove this. Every one, madam, will sympathise with their own favourite objects, by the association of ideas."

* These are high cork shoes. See Steevens's Shakspeare, *vol.* xiv. *p.* 135.

"A patten-maker, sir, might perhaps be allowed to do as much," replied VALLISNERIA, tossing her head and annihilating the modest genius of my Uncle.—"There's too much trifling in your antiquarian pursuits!" Thrice muttered she, *gilt chopines!* I thought we should not have heard a word more of the sexual system. But BULBO interfered—he declared that he "had already observed my Uncle was blest with a versatility of curiosity, which ought to be kept up."—"Yes," said WILMOT, "your fat oxen are as interesting an object to Mr. Jacob, as the gilt chopines. Pray, madam, are not naturalists at present puzzled to distinguish vegetables from animals, though ignorant people are not?"

"Ignorant people," cried VALLISNERIA, "teize and twitch a plant alive, and imagine it does not feel. But why not?"

"Because," said WILMOT—"it never cries out!"

"Precisely so!" exclaimed VALLISNERIA. —"I perceive, sir," addressing herself to WILMOT, "you are a nice and close observer of nature! But why do not plants cry out, like an animal?"

WILMOT shook his head.

"Ay! I thought I should trap you!" continued the triumphant VALLISNERIA.—"It is only for us, who may be said to be cabbages among cabbages, and pass our lives in the world of vegetables, to effect these discoveries. A plant twitched and wounded does not cry out, because *plants* are like *oysters*—they have NO MOUTHS*! But though the oyster is so silent, does it feel the less the point of the epicure's stiletto? Ah! plants are more helpless than animals; for not being endowed

* I owe this notion to Mons. COLONNE—a voluminous naturalist, who, half a century ago, was as sensible to the loves of the plants, as our more recent sentimentalists.

with exterior organs, they can neither *see*, nor *hear*, nor *talk!* Some can climb, and move about a little, but to no great purpose! unfortunate race! all their sensations are internal!"

"And yet, my dear," said BULBO, "you have assured me that they must have exterior feelings! Does not the sun-flower, perspire, nineteen times as much, as a healthy man?"

"Does any one doubt this?" interrogated VALLISNERIA. "Plants have lungs, blood, bones, the skin, the seed, and, for ought I know, the soul of a Christian—they are as *irritable* as one *!

* Dr. PERCIVAL on "the perceptive power of vegetables," in the Memoirs of the Literary Society at Manchester, *vol.* ii. states arguments tending to establish the opinion that PLANTS, as well as ANIMALS, are endued with *perception* in different degrees; indeed we have heard much of their *irritability*.

PLANTS *sleep* in the night, and *young ones* in both cases require more than *old ones;* plants, like animals, *grow more* in the *night* than in the *day;* vege-

" Are they not stimulated by all the emotions and passions of man?—A sensible ve-

tables, as well as animals, *perspire* more in hot sunshiny weather than in cold; like animals they have *lungs* by which they breathe, and like them are subject to *disease*, and to *loss of limb*, as well as *life*. I have heard that in following up this system, botanical ladies, when their geraniums and plants appeared sickly, and seemed to want exercise, they have taken them in their carriages, to give an airing.

Nor is our VALLISNERIA singularly absurd, in conjecturing that PLANTS, may have *Christian souls!* Let the curious reader turn over BONNET's (one of our greatest naturalists) " *Palingenesie Philosophique, ou Idées sur l'Etat passé et sur l'Etat futur des Etres vivans.*"

In this agreeable romance his system is an eternal progression towards a perfect state; and nothing will perish in that after-state. MAN, transported to a better world, will yield the first place he now occupies in the creation, as an animal, to other animals; man will receive more eminent faculties, while ANIMALS will rise to *manhood!* so that according to this system, among *monkeys* and *elephants*, may hereafter be found *Newtons* and *Lockes!*

In respect to PLANTS, he says, we cannot *prove* that they are *not sensitive beings*.—He therefore lays down for his principle, that they are, and in a *future*

getable-man, I deem as much my fellow-citizen, as those men-vegetables we meet with

state he imagines their *sensibility* will unfold itself, and receive a more perfect condition. If PLANTS have *sensation,* they must have a *soul,* for feeling cannot appertain to simple organization. He does not venture to fix on the *seat of the soul,* in a TREE. But he is not very short in his discoveries, and I am only astonished that he used a dull microscope! Now, he continues, as a future state is a state of perfectibility, what is that of a TREE, which is in this world already an organised being, possessing sensation? He declares that *voluntary motion,* is most important to the perfection of this tree-creature, and he supposes (I can see no objection!) that it will then enjoy a *loco-motive faculty,* so that in the next world, all our TREES will walk about, and

"Birnam-wood shall come to Dunsinane!"

In the works of another great naturalist, Monsieur COLONNE, who died in 1726, I find that plants are beings replete with sensations; whenever these are painful, they *languish* like animals, and (to give his words) "the more because they *cannot move* from their places, so as *to go about to assist themselves* like animals!" See his *Histoire Naturelle de l'Univers.*

But FONTANA in a recent memoir on PLANTS of the convolvolus, does not think so lightly of their de-

every day; and as for the vegetable-women, I regret their too fashionable gallantries! I

gree of feelings, nay, he even suspects that they may be *more exquisite than our own.* Life and sensation are so much obscured among the *cold-blooded animals,* that he does not find it difficult to prove that a *lively plant* has much more *sensation* and *volition!* He owns that a plant does not hear, or see, or taste, or utter any sounds, but he believes it is endowed with "*sensations more exquisite than our own!* for that its *mode of feeling and living* may be only unknown to us, because we are not endowed with the same organs!! He closes his arguments by declaring, that the manner in which the male organs of plants prepare themselves for their grand work, to perpetuate their species, astonishes him, and will, the world, when he shall communicate, the brothel anecdotes of vegetable libertinism! PHILO. MAG. *vol.* xii. *p.* 16.

The readers of the BOTANIC GARDEN may perhaps have supposed, that in the tales of the *Loves of the Plants,* the author intended only to animate the theory of Linnæus by a beautiful fiction. But they have mistaken his purpose, and his botanical creed, who have thus conceived of them. He was never in his life more in earnest than in ascribing to VEGETABLES the *sensations,* the *affections,* the *passions,* and even the *designs* of what we ordinary mortals, believe, animals alone to be capable. It was one of his favourite opinions, that PLANTS are truly *animals!*

blush at the adulteries of that vile family of

This, in his *phytologia*, he strenuously labours to illustrate, and to prove."

PHILO. MAG. *vol.* vii. *p.* 173.

So that Dr. DARWIN meant more than meets the vulgar ear, when he sung that MAN has

"His *brother* EMMETS and his *sister* WORMS!"

I believe he felt a great deal for his *vegetables*, and for his *son*, and for all his *friends!* He asserts in his *Temple of Nature, co.* iv. *v.* 41, that this world is nothing but a *slaughter-house;* and most piteously whines for what he calls

"The WARS of VEGETABLES!"

This affecting circumstance only was wanting, and the Doctor found it! He feels most miserably for the *tender grass* and the *embryon seed* which sanguinary lambs and doves *crop* and *crush!*

"The lamb and dove on living nature feed,
CROP the *young herb*, and CRUSH the *embryon seed!*"

But in his "*Wars of Vegetables*," he gives battles, which the London Gazette will have to record whenever the millennium is fixed, and a naturalist be our secretary at the war office. Hear!

"Yes, smiling FLORA drives her armed car,
Thro' the *thick ranks* of VEGETABLE WAR!
Herb, shrub, and tree with *strong emotions* rise,
For light and air, and *battle in the skies!*
Whose roots diverging, with opposing toil,
Contend below, for moisture and for soil!"

the Collinsonias*! I will not touch on these delicate matters; but this I must say, all our families are not so depraved, and they all enjoyed a fair reputation till DARWIN got among them."

Then proceeds, he to characterise the heroes of a vegetable Iliad—Ivies *strangling* elms! mancinellas *scalding* the tribes beneath; dark leaves *remorselessly* mildewing the corn, &c.

After all this one cannot but smile at the *ignorance of the last age!* PASCAL, in his "*Pensées,*" takes it for granted that a TREE *cannot be miserable!* He says "The greatness of MAN, in one respect, consists in this; that he knows himself to be *miserable!* A TREE *does not know itself to be miserable!*"

Oh had this witty LUCIAN of France been born in this happier age, and given us *Lettres Provinciales* on topics more amusing than *free grace,* or *sufficient grace;* whether St. Thomas was falsified; or if a Jesuit may kill a Jansenist, &c. Had he come between me and my Uncle, he would have done more for the lasting honour of the family!

* Dr. DARWIN says very gravely—"I was this morning surprised to observe the *manifest adultery* of several females of the plant *collinsonia,* who had bent themselves into contact with the males of other flowers." BOT. GARD. *pt.* 1. *p.* 197. 8*vo. edit.*

" All you have heard is very true!" said BULBO, looking at my amazed Uncle.

We all seemed hesitating at the thing!

VALLISNERIA broke out in ecstatic language—" Ah! these, then, are mysteries too profound! analogies too refined! sympathies too delicate! I dare say you cannot conceive how an oak, or a mushroom, can be in love! GOBBO laughs at the connubial bliss of a *vegetable family*, and never anxiously inquires after the *parturition* of a plant!"

" Far from it! said WILMOT.—" Henceforwards I shall be a sentimentalist in a garden! I will look on a rose, long, before I pluck it, that I may give it as little pain as possible; and be cautious not to set a pink a bleeding! When I observe a bed of parched flowers, it will be but christian charity to give them—something to drink!"

VALLISNERIA beamed her bright eyes on the tender flower-picker;—" Ah!" she cried,

" even a STONE is calumniated by the vulgar, who exclaim, ' as unfeeling as a stone !' Stones, sir, are perhaps mushrooms—they are growing fast, and are very lively animated creatures, and enjoy a will and feelings of their own, in their own hard way* !"

* The Bishop of Llandaff, in his " Chemical Essays," thus notices the *growth of stones* :—

" In the Cretan labyrinth, the names of travellers, which have been cut in the rock in former ages, are now in *alto relievo*, and the older the dates are, the greater is the *protuberance*. In the mines of Chremnitz, in Hungary, which have been wrought for one thousand years, the ancient roads, which had been cut through the rocks, are left to grow up, and it is remarkable, that they *approach one another* in an *horizontal*, and not in a *perpendicular* direction, &c. &c. *Precious stones*, according to De Book, grow like *mushrooms*. *The vegetation of stones* hath been admitted by many ; and some have contended that *minerals*, as well as *animals* and *vegetables*, spring from *seed;* the greatest being nothing but the *expansion* of the parts of a minute *grain of sand.*"

At length the Bishop concludes thus—" *I do not know* whether it would be a *very extravagant conjecture*, which should suppose that ALL MATTER IS,

My Uncle's astonishment seemed saturated with the present system, and now was all alive to catch at the flim-flams of GOBBO.

"Don't mention his bloody name to VALLISNERIA," cried BULBO: "the fellow has got his stiletto in his hand all day, and, like the famous Man of the Mountains, he may be

OF HAS BEEN, ORGANISED, ENLIVENED, and ANIMATED."

That this conjecture is not too extravagant, but almost tame, is lately confirmed by Mr. PATRIN, Member of the French Institute; he tells us, "that the *attraction* which exists between *bodies*, is caused by their *natural desire* for union! Every thing in nature *lives!* every *particle* of the *substance* we call MATTER, is endowed with PERCEPTION and VOLITION!!"—ED. REV. *vol.* vi. *p.* 415.

"Stones and minerals know *no age*, and can *never die!*" exclaims Mons. VIREY, who writes an introduction to a recent Dictionary of Natural History, in 24 vols. He, Mons. DE SALES, and a few more of the *Santa Hermandad*, who consider themselves as the *legislators* and *interpreters* of NATURE, will end in giving the law themselves, and disguise her sense, in their own nonsense; and make their *gloss*, her *text*.

justly distinguished by the horrid title of—the Prince of Assassins! His house is a slaughter-house, wherever you turn you see a throat cut; and then his invisible assassinations!—He never shall enter my piggery, my sheepery, nor my oxery."

"Nor my botanic garden!" exclaimed the fair VALLISNERIA.—"What do you think the wretch is now doing? To overturn the sexual system, he has been ripening a *female lychnis* within doors, that she may be kept secure from any intercourse with a *male lychnis*. If the old monk makes her produce seeds, then am I lost for ever. You may imagine my uneasiness during this cruel experiment*."

* SMELLIE, in his attempts to demolish the entire Linnæan system, tried an experiment, in which he had not at first the success, his zeal deserved. He states the case plainly, and his profound gravity has infinite pleasantry. His great caution in confining his female, from any possible intercourse with a male, shews him to great advantage as a botanical duenna.

" Oh, that assassin!" exclaimed BULBO!
" Judge of his relentless mania! GOBBO

He describes his project—" If a female plant could ripen her seeds within doors, during the winter, the experiment would infallibly determine the controversy. But the flowers dropped before the seeds were ripened, owing to the unnatural situation in which the vegetable had been kept. It wanted air, dew, &c." He then resolved to place the female lychnis where she might enjoy all those advantages, but then " the dread of any *suspicion* of *a connection* with *male influence*," haunted the father confessor of our nun-like lychnis. " I now (take his words) applied to my learned friend, Dr. Rutherford, Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, who at that time had a small garden in the heart of the city, surrounded with houses of *five* and *six stories high*, and *distant from any* MALE LYCHNIS about an English *mile!* Dr. Rutherford received this *female* lychnis into his garden!"—To the delight of SMELLIE, and the astonishment of the Professor of Botany, this chaste plant, after taking three summers to recover from her imprisonment in the hot cell of the philosopher, did very well for many years without a male, and actually produced a number of young ones: the Professor examined her with the severest scrutiny, and declared, that *she* had never had any intercourse with a male!—" If after this, and some experiments formerly mentioned, (exclaims SMELLIE) any sexualist chooses

very coolly proposed, as he knew I had the interests of science at heart, a princely experiment—what do you think it was? He said that the ancients were greater anatomists than we, because they have anatomised men alive! Now, said he, I would cut up alive one of your prize oxen, positive as I am of making discoveries in *fat!*"

"Is GOBBO then beyond the reach of the laws?" I indignantly asked. "Is any collector to be allowed, at his pleasure to stretch a breathing animal on the wheel of experiment?"

"Sensibly said, young man!" cried BULBO; "we are in great want of a new act of parliament in favour of the dumb creation; but then, I fear, it must be enacted by a parliament of birds and beasts!"

to have recourse to the wind and to insects, he may enjoy his theory; but few men of penetration will join him in opinion."—*Philosophy of Natural History, vol.* i. *p.* 257.

CHAPTER XIII.

Such buildings ENGLISH NATURE must reject;
She claims from ART the appearance of *neglect*,
For every pleasing object more will please,
As less the observer its intention sees;
And thinks it formed for use, and placed by chance
Within the limits of his transient glance.
KNIGHT's *Landschape*, *p.* 55.

HALF-HOUSES, AND WINDOWS MISTAKEN FOR DOORS—A DISTANT VIEW OF A VILLA—*CONTOUR'S* TRAVELS!

In our way, on our grand attack, a pantomimical scenery occurred. My Uncle marvelled at a number of castellated, gothicised, and palladian edifices. These, Bulbo acquainted us, were all "rural architecture,"

and had been erected by CONTOUR, on his estate, instead of cottages.

My Uncle blundered at every one! He mistook for a round tower, what proved to be a great pigeon-house; a monkish dormitory was nothing but a range of pig-styes; and a Doric edifice, with a peristyle, turned out to be, the village ale-house*!

* We have of late abounded with "ornamental designs for cottages;" but cottages can require but little aid from the architect, and admit not of ornament. Every artist too, proceeds on some occult principle of his own: these "designers" are for changing "the whole face of the country"---to force it into one broad grin! Some would build merely as objects on which to repose the eye; but it is a mockery of poverty to squeeze a peasant, his wife, and ten children, into a cathedral of twenty feet square, in plaster and canvass; or induce a cottager to envy, for his habitation, the tower and battlements of his barn. A spot is often fixed on, because its master has unluckily discovered a picturesque scite; it is to be Chinese, Indian, or Turkish; and the poor labourer has, after his day's labour, to walk sometimes several miles to return to a habitation, which, if he knew what it was designed for, he would wish in

These magnificent hovels exhibited a great novelty; they had but a *single wing!* To have

its *proper place*, distant enough! "A pair of lodges," at the entrance of a park, consists of a gate between two square boxes, which a lady with great humour declared, were like *tea caddies*, and wrote on two such lodges, in large letters, GREEN and BOHEA; but Mr. REPTON, with equal feeling and taste, observes, "that it is an attempt to give consequence to that which in itself is mean; and the habitation of a single labourer, or a solitary old woman to open the gate, is thus split into two houses; the most squalid misery is found in the person thus banished from society, who inhabits a dirty room of a few feet square."

The ornamenting of farm-houses, barns, pig-styes, &c. is reprobated with as much good taste as sense, by Archdeacon PLYMLEY, in his Agriculture of Shropshire. "Cattle (he writes) protected by the side of a *barn*, form a picturesque group, but sheltering under a *Grecian portico*—the impropriety is glaring! *Linen* hanging to dry on the hedge of a cottage-garden may be passed without displeasure; but the clothes of men, women, and children, surrounding the *cell* of an *anchorite*, or the *oratory* of a *monk*, have their natural unseemliness, increased by the contrast. A *dunghill* in a farm field, creates no disagreeable idea, but connected with a *gothic gateway*, or embattled *tower*, it is bad."

their sides alike, CONTOUR declared was monotonous. BULBO said, the sight put him always in a rage; they looked like a bull with one horn, or a goose with one wing! "I am confident," (added he) "CONTOUR never discovered the monotony of symmetry till he had over-built himself!" Then again, the genius of the architect had in various instances been so little comprehended, that the tenants usually went in at the *windows*, and could never be persuaded that they had a *door* to their house*."

* In a recent publication, the ingenious architect, calculating the expences of his proposed "designs for cottages," felt that in his works he was meditating the ruin of a plain country amateur; so he has invented an œconomical expedient! He says, "Those designs whsch are regular may be changed into the *picturesque, by taking away* ONE WING! And the *picturesque,* or irregular designs, may *become regular,* by selecting a *centre* and repeating *the parts on each side;* if the builder prefers such *dull monotony!*"

GANDY's *Designs for Cottages, p.* ix.

But the splendid miracle was the villa of CONTOUR! As we winded it round, we caught a glimpse of a Græcian portico—then a Chinese dairy—and an Egyptian tool-house, with a monstrous sphinx over the door. At length a sublime dome, arched to the eye with a gilded minaret at the top. My Uncle's learned eye in an ecstasy discovered the Moresco style, in part copied from the Alhambra! But BULBO petrified his fancy, and made my

This seems to be the easiest system of the so-much-talked of *picturesque*, that our modern sages have delivered down to posterity! Were GAINSBOROUGH living, his rough English genius might honestly swear that a cottage, ought to be nothing more than the cottages, he loved and painted; that we were in danger, by the irruption of these polished barbarians of ART, not to have an ENGLISH COTTAGE *left standing!* Can a PAINTER with a *pastoral heart*, look on all these "designs for cottages?" these hard, cold, quadrangular, octagonal, and rhomboidal zig-zaggery? Will he not sigh for the low-latticed casement, where LOVE, or AFFECTION, peeps out among the wild woodbines, its own hand had fondly interwoven!

Uncle glum, by assuring him, that it was only CONTOUR's stabling*!

* "Not only the *stables*, but the *meanest offices*, may be made to contribute to the character of the whole, and to *raise*, not *degrade*, the principal part."
PRICE *on the Picturesque, vol.* ii. *p.* 217.

I have lived to see where the *stables* have *degraded the mansion itself*—not from their *poverty*, but by their *miraculous magnificence!* As an illustration, how the above simple principle of the *picturesque* may be carried to a splendid extravaganza, I quote the STABLING, of the PAVILION at Brighton. The dome of the stables majestically frowns over the puny dome of the royal residence; the interior exhibits a vast area, encircled by the fairy galleries of Moorish romance; while the stalls are embellished with lattices, and Saracenic fret-work. In the centre an oriental fountain will shortly fling its sparkling waters into—one sublime horse-trough! But while the horses run in an Arabian palace, or, as a lady of taste observed rather grudgingly, in this improved Ranelagh, let me suggest the *propriety* of giving the grooms NEW LIVERIES! let them parade in the velvet, damask, and satin mantles of chivalry; their sleeves decked with the silken favours of the house-maids, while their jockey-caps wave with the *panaches* of knighthood.

The *stables* of Wentworth-house form a magnificent quadrangular building, which travellers usually,

My Uncle from all this conceived the most exalted notions of the infinite sublimities of CONTOUR's taste, and was eager not to lose one drop of him.

BULBO then told us, that "the master of this villa had been daily expected, for these three years past, from some part of the world! Some think he may be at Athens. He has been long wandering deliriously through Greece; but by the last accounts, he had taken lodgings opposite "the little temple of Minerva at Athens," for the pleasure of contemplating it, during three months, at a particular half-hour. He has perambulated "the banks of the Nile;" took the trouble to go "to the shores of Ionia to measure an Ionic column;" turned his head

on their entrance, mistake for Wentworth-house itself!—till the view of *a great pump*, in the spacious court-yard, gives the first indication of their being in *a stable-yard!* RAG.

among Moorish, Tartarian, and Etruscan structures; and, after all, complains of "the fatigues, hardships, and dangers," of these vagaries of his; not knowing what to do, or where to go*."

* That learned *enthusiast*, (Mr. BARRY will not object to my adding *coxcomb)* WINKELMAN, in one of his letters, gives the following character of Lord BALTIMORE.—"He imagines he has *too much genius*, and that God had been more benevolent to have given him *less intelligence* and more *bodily strength*. He is one of those worn-out beings, a hipped Englishman, who have lost all moral and physical taste. He goes to Constantinople merely, because he *knows not what to do with himself*. Here he finds nothing to his taste. With an income of £30,000, he knows not how to enjoy it. He became so intolerable, that at length I told him frankly my opinion."

It is fair to own that WINKELMAN himself was probably, as mad as my Lord Baltimore. He became so crazed by the ANTIQUE, and "beauty conceived on the great principles of art," that, travelling to Vienna, he grew so feverish in his journey, at the sight of the *angular terminations* of the Hungarian cottages, and the *perpendicular sharpness* of the mountains, that his companion, worried and

"This is another genius!" exclaimed my delighted Uncle—"a martyr to *virtù!*"

"And a little insane in what relates to the *nude!*" continued BULBO. "His mind is ricketty with sensibility, and he has so refined a taste, that there are few objects in this world which do not fever him. He is more bewitched by the tenderness of marble flesh than fascinated by a woman's; and has long felt an incurable passion for a Minerva, with whom he constantly breakfasts, and whom he has been frequently discovered indecently ogling*. He doats to madness on

wearied, returned with him to Rome, and at the feet of his beloved statues, soon restored to health the valetudinarian amateur.

* The *cognoscenti* of ANCIENT STATUES, have actually performed feats of gallantry with them. They have fallen in love with a fine marble insensible girl! This passion was not unknown in ancient Greece, where it must have been carried to a strange height, if our *cold feelings* are to decide, on such *warm subjects!* The Venus of Praxiteles, was vio-

chaste outline, and will sit for hours studying

lated by the embrace of one of her lovers, who was afterwards thrown into the sea! Some, in an ecstasy of despair, have committed suicide at the feet of their unrelenting mistresses!—Even in recent times the Venus of Medicis, has effected similar conquests, and it became necessary to have that cold nymph narrowly watched. A statue of Michael Angelo turned the brain of a Spanish Quixote, and is now veiled, as it bears the marks of the monstrous passion. I have seen the portrait of a baronet, standing in a pensive and *passionate* attitude before Mr. TOWNLEY's *Minerva!*

Mr. GEORGE CUMBERLAND, a rapt enthusiast of the FINE ARTS, does not, perhaps, go quite these lengths; but in a delightful orgasm exclaims—"There is but one thing that *can* have more intrinsic value than *a very fine piece of sculpture*, which is—A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN!" and why? because —she, "indeed, affords her admirers *a thousand exquisite* OUTLINES at every turn of her body or change of her thought, blending colour, form, and motion!" By this it seems that Mr. CUMBERLAND actually prefers *a woman*, to *a statue!* However, he is difficult to please even with *his women*, for he tells us, "*Extreme leanness* is intolerable!"—but I afterwards discover that he also dislikes "*a pregnant woman*," for "*extreme protuberances*" are detestable!

BOBTAIL.

a *shadow on a plain surface** ; he grows angry at too much, or too little, light, in a room, and

* Mr. GEORGE CUMBERLAND says, " he had a desire, which continually *haunted* him, to commit to writing a few thoughts on *the inestimable value of chaste outline.*" — Good! What is *chaste outline?* According to the impalpable fine feeling of our author, it is something *which ought never to be seen!* " The rabble of mankind," elsewhere called " the profane," require outlines as clear as any others— but this maddened CONTOUR, because in nature there are *no outlines!*

Although Mr. CUMBERLAND's " Thoughts," as well as Mr. HOPE's " Letter," are not without their value for ARTISTS—it must be honestly confessed, that every AMATEUR unites to insinuate, and often to assert, that not *one living artist* knows any thing of his profession. Our author wrote before Mr. HOPE attacked Mr. WYAT—and he says, " I pay a compliment to DEARE, BANKS, and FLAXMAN; to the Venetian CANOVA, to the German TRIPPEL, and to the French HOUDON; to MARCHANT, to PICKLER, to AMASTINI, when I say, that all these men of ability have as yet only attained to *the vestibule of the Temple of Art!*"

Here are all these, our best modern artists marshalled, as children bend and arrange their cards, for soldiers, to fall one upon another at a touch! Yet is this language more decent than Mr. HOPE's, who

is so violently attacked by the *fidgets**, that vertigoes, head-aches, and feverets, will be his daily portion in this miserable life!

"All this will serve for my County History!" cried my Uncle. "I am the unlucky historian, sir, of a county which has never been the scene of one memorable event, nor produced one eminent man."

"CONTOUR," observed WILMOT, "is the member for the shire of the *cognoscenti*; but what is the great end of all those 'fatigues, hardships, and dangers,' he so grievously complains of?"

asserts of Mr. WYAT, that "it is NOW time for him to learn *his business!*"

BOBTAIL.

* I refer the DILETTANTTE, who wishes to know what the FIDGETS are, to Dr. CRICHTON'S "Enquiry into Mental Derangement," *vol.* i. *p.* 272. A man ought to get informed of the miserable state of his whole nervous system, lest hellebore drug his cup too late!

"That he is maliciously fitting up a classical house in gothic England, and all to vex his neighbours*. He pretends he was inspired with taste, when he was hardly born; as the biographer of LINNÆUS seems to assure us, that ere his hero was four years old, he was already speculating on pistills and stamens†. He and my wife sentimentalise;

* "I am willing to flatter myself, that the world has given me credit in the mode of new decorating an old house, for an *elegance* and *unity of design* and a *classic taste* which I have myself *in vain sought in the habitations of my neighbours*."—*Mr.* HOPE's *Letter, p.* 10.

I conceive this to be what rhetoricians call the trope *synecdoche*, where the *part* being taken for the *whole*, MY NEIGHBOURS mean, THE THREE KINGDOMS! BOBTAIL.

† See Mr. THOMAS HOPE's extraordinary letter to FRANCIS ANNESLEY, Esq. 1804. Compare with this the companion-piece of "Thoughts on Outline, by GEORGE CUMBERLAND, Esq." Mr. HOPE assures us, that, "*from* AN INFANT, architecture always was his favourite amusement, and I already began *dealing* in straight lines," &c. Mr. CUMBER-

she about the amours of the plants, while he never mentions the Venus de Medicis without an endearing epithet and passionate recollection. When he saw my prize ox, what do you think he said? He declared, we prime-feeders made our animals waddle, and fattened out of all proportion; and to combine scientifically the ideas of beauty and utility, he offered me a plaster cast of a *marble bull*, as a model to fatten by!"

"Your neighbours are much too ingenious for your happiness, BULBO," observed WILMOT. "GOBBO would anatomise the bull, which CONTOUR would new model."

LAND says, that "his purest affection for the fine arts was acquired at *an age too tender to have noticed the cause of the impression.*" Mr. CUMBERLAND'S *genius*, by this, would appear to be *somewhat older* than Mr. HOPE'S; but who shall decide? an equal consciousness of genius prevailing through both these curious performances! TAG.

Bulbo shook his head. — "Ingenious neighbours are always on the watch to display their damnable ingenuity at the cost of their friends; the *cognoscenti* are always at you, like so many gnats in hot weather!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Be your's the task industrious to recal
The lost inscription to the ruined wall;
Each British science studiously explore;
Their dress, their buildings, and their coins restore;
Each Celtic character explain, or shew
How Britons ate, a thousand years ago!

SCRIBLERIAD, *Canto* 5. *v.* 101.

THE CONTENTS OF A BARROW, WHICH CONTENTED AN ANTIQUARY!— ROMAN TEARS, AND THE DRINKING HORN OF HARDYKNUTE!

At length we reached the field of battle, and Wilmot with great caution selected the point of attack, while my Uncle thrice cheered the delvers, as they cracked the *apex* of the tumulus. The busy sounds of the spade, and the pick-ax put him into spirits, and

calm amidst the affray he had caused, perceiving some stone ruins, he earnestly inquired of BULBO, "whether this island had been peopled by Scythians, Celts, Gauls, Trojans, or Phœnicians?"

BULBO observed, that "my Uncle ought to have made up his mind before he came out."

My Uncle declared, "it was a kind of family quarrel among our antiquaries, and produced nothing but bitter recrimination—if the old Celtic mythology was Scythic, and the Celts a branch of the Scythians—"

"Then," cried BULBO, pointing to one of the labourers, "that fellow may have thrown away something that belonged to those people—that piece of old iron!"

My Uncle called loudly for this piece of old iron—"This," (cried he) "is a genuine Roman iron buckle! any one may see on its rust, the impression of the soft threads of

some coarse linen! It is not always we find a Roman buckle, so clearly a buckle as this."

"And what do you call this?" cried BULBO, kicking at a brass vessel.

My Uncle was at a fault—"I have no authority," (said he) "to say what such things *are*, but I think I have seen such before."

"Ay, on any day!" replied BULBO, "It is only a saucepan!"

"It is much like a saucepan!" observed my Uncle; "but it would require more erudition, than I possess, to prove it to have been a saucepan!"

"Here's its cover!" cried BULBO.

"This," said my Uncle, taking up a thin circular plate of brass, "is a breast-plate—or, perhaps, a helmet—or it may be something round, which belonged to something square! Zounds! what are you about!" (turning to one of the delvers who had rummaged out a skull) "You are splitting the

scull of a Saxon! It is by such carelessness that so many Roman pots have been dumped!"

WILMOT, who had been all the while on the other side of the barrow, hallooed to my Uncle, "You are as fortunate as I predicted. Here is a lachrymatory full of tears!"

My Uncle scudded in rapture; he grasped the phial with such eager astonishment, that WILMOT reminded him of its age, and to be cautious not to spill a tear! "True!" cried my Uncle, "these Roman tears must have been corked up above one thousand years!"

WILMOT insisted to verify them on the spot, by tasting them!

My Uncle reluctantly consented to uncork the phial, which he did with infinite caution, and with infinite ease; the latter rather surprised him, but he declared the Romans had more solid lasting bungs, than our's. Having

suffered about three tears to bedew his palate, he made a sour sharp face, and straining the orbs of his small eyes, exultingly exclaimed, "Salty, by G—!"

"Vinegary too!" exclaimed BULBO, spitting out the Roman tears.

"As fresh," cried WILMOT, "as if they had been just whipped out of a Roman school-boy *!"

* Mr. DOUGLAS after apologising for bantering a brother antiquary, says, "I much doubt, whether the *saline flavour* of *sepulchral tears* in a bottle of 1400 years can be preserved, which Mr. WHITAKER has *asserted*, in his history of Manchester. If this gentleman had actually *tasted* the contents of the phial, we should incline to think some *wicked bystander* had been ready with a *little salt and water to put into the Roman phial. Tricks of this nature* are not *unusual* with persons curious after *ancient* research. I myself was once directed to a pretended ancient tumulus, which I opened in the presence of some friends, and to their great satisfaction produced the bones of a horse. The gentleman, at whose house

When BULBO objected to the freshness of the salt and vinegar, as he declared these Roman tears to be, my Uncle owned he was himself astonished at their *flavour*, and lamented that the Falernian wine found at Pompeia could not stand the lapse of fourteen centuries; "but nature," added he, "is so much more powerful than art! I once tasted with the tip of my finger the pickle which Edward I. was preserved in, when his coffin was opened at Westminster."

"Pray," asked BULBO, in his abrupt way, little tender of the antiquary's feelings, "Did not you, sir, filch the thumb of Edward I.?"

My Uncle blushed in the oddest manner; he was as murrey-coloured in the face as a clove carnation!

I was visiting, had directed me to a spot, where a favourite old hunter had been buried!

DOUGLAS's *Nenia Britannica, p.* 71.

WILMOT described that unlucky project of enriching his topographical museum, and which though so discreetly schemed, got my Uncle into bad repute. Jacob had wrapped himself in a watchman's coat; but he himself was overwatched! His majesty's thumb being missed, they had the cruelty to strip my Uncle to the skin, and found in my Uncle's arm-pit, the thumb of his *late* majesty, Edward I. * !"

In this barrow my Uncle also discovered an unlucky piece of antiquity, which has made too much noise in the world, and all the noise against my Uncle! An inscription in the Saxon character, giving the size of the *drinking-horn of Hardyknute*, and re-

* This event is of great notoriety.—In 1770 when antiquarian curiosity was so urgent with the Dean of Westminster as to prevail on him to permit several of the Society to taste the pickle which had so long preserved Edward I. in so *lively* a manner—an antiquary well known, attempted to steal the king's thumb!!

cording that the Royal Dane, after drenching himself with a horn of wine, stared about him, and died!—drunk! as my Uncle, in his dissertation, elaborately conjectured. Captivated by every lovely detrition, every magic freckle, he eyed, in the picturesque vision of antiquarianism, the half-scratched Danish raven, and the mellowed discolorations of—Why the devil am I born to elucidate this Flim-Flam!—The wicked waggery of WILMOT, had Saxonified the *corner of an old chimney-piece*, corroded it with "aqua-fortis," and with copious "urinary sprinkles," had induced a mellow cast of antiquity over the whole piece! It too long tickled and bewildered the erudition of my Uncle!—Thus was CORNELIUS' s *shield scoured down*, into "a paltry old sconce, with the nozzle broken off*."

* See the whole history of this "*Marmor Hardicnutianum*, detailed with attic pleasantry in the

EUROP. MAG. *vol.* xvii. *p.* 177, accompanied by a PLATE of this Flim-Flam. The original is deposited in the hall of Sir Joseph Banks.

The whole was the contrivance of the late ingenious GEORGE STEEVENS. It was a moral retribution on a prying confused antiquary, who would never pass a cutler's shop, on the Surry side of Blackfriar's bridge, without deranging the comforts of the cutler's family who occupied the back parlour; they dreaded the fascinating power of his rattlesnake stare. STEEVENS, well acquainted with his genius, had this marble placed there to catch his tremendous eye, and ventured on the grossest imposition, by presenting to him a thing that was not even possible to exist! He took it home!—instantly, dissertation and commentary!!

The most laughable part of this ridiculous invention was the *Dissertation,* which was on the point of being inserted in the *Archælogia!* It was (says Mr. STEEVENS) as unsuspectingly listened to, by the Society of ANTIQUARIES, as the performance of a Dutch translation of Fielding's Tom Thumb, which the Burgomasters of Amsterdam received from first to last, with that profound and silent attention, which becomes an enlightened audience at a deep tragedy. BOBTAIL.

CHAPTER XV.

Behold th' impaled and helpless fly
Who bleeds a victim to th' optician's eye;
Before his glass spins in repeated round,
And strives to flutter from the deadly wound.
Firm and unmov'd the speculative sage,
Eyes the vain efforts of its insect rage.

SCRIBLERIAD, *Book* iii. *v.* 145.

A NATURALIST'S HOUSE — EXPERIMENTS MODEST AND MINUTE, ENDING IN MURDERS, AND CRIMES, NOT FIT TO BE NAMED AMONG CHRISTIANS!

We entered the house of Gobbo, the naturalist, not without trepidation; we had heard so many bloody stories concerning this great man, that Reynolds's folio of "God's Revenge against Murder," records no murderer more red than him; nor the

Newgate Calendar more abominable attempts than he had practised.

We were, however, at first agreeably surprised to find, though the house, and its offices, were crowded with all kinds of animals, that they were in perfect health and happiness. We saw, with surprise, three maidens, sedulously attending seven of the fattest turkies, reposing on ample cushions; crammed with niceties and delicacies, the voluptuous turkies clambered on their shoulders, and playfully pecked at these innocent Ledas. One of the maidens, with a charming modesty, stood before us with downcast eyes; her hands were crossed, pressing her palpitating bosom; in that graceful attitude she looked a Madonna of Carlo Dolce! This poor girl, it seems, had a very fine bosom, and GOBBO had succeeded in an experiment he had made on her—it was hatching a chicken, by carefully keeping the fresh-laid

egg between the warm and genial breasts of the house-maid; which was effected in the course of a week. This was the third chicken this modest creature had brought into the world. It was a bloodless experiment, and we concluded that GOBBO had a minute eye, and was a modest inquirer into nature.

We found a great *snake* crawling about the floors, at which we started, but our conductor stroked him on the back, and assured us he was a most excellent *mouser*—it seems GOBBO preferred a snake, to a cat! A number of *toads* were placed in different parts of the room, and there served instead of so many pots of fly-water—they caught the flies* !

* Mr. SOUTHEY has indulged a poetical reverie in a prose note, much in the spirit of certain naturalists. He ought only to invent *beautiful fictions !*

"We have not taken animals enough into alliance

The next apartment excited some alarm. We found ourselves amidst 2 or 300 bats, some with large hoods on their long-ears; others we found with their ears sewed up; and some with their eyes carefully picked out of their heads! Our conductor told us, that this great philosopher, to shew that bats

with us. I saw a *child* suckled by a *goat*. The *gull* should be taught to catch fish for us in the sea; the *otter* in fresh water. The more *spiders* there were in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American *fire-fly* should be imported into Spain to catch musquitos. *Snakes* would make good mousers; but *one* favourite *mouse* should be kept to rid the house of cockroaches. The *toad* is an excellent fly-catcher; and in hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what *insect* fed upon *fleas!*"

Notes to MADOC, *p.* 519.

Dr. DARWIN is also a sublime rat-catcher; he proposes, that as the *water rats* in *America* are affected by the tape-worm, and are thus often destroyed, "could not some of these *diseased American rats* be imported into this country, and propagate their *malady* amongst the *native rats* of this climate?" MONTHLY REV. *Dec.* 1800, *p.* 127.

could perform their functions in the dark, picked their eyes with a red-hot wire, or scooped out the pupil with a pair of pincers. The philosopher owned the bats seemed to suffer greatly by their cruel operations; the observation evinced great sensibility in the bats, and the philosopher*.

We now looked around in terror, drops of blood were visible on the floor! In a dark corner, a couple of gigantic turkies were hanging with a wide gash across their sto-

* See SPALLANZANI on the organs of vision in *bats*. Mr. DE JURINE pursued hard in the new field of discovery. He put a small hood on a long-eared bat, which it pulled off;—then he cut its *eyes* out! because it would not wear a hood! He afterwards attacked its ears, filled them with mastic, with hot pomatum, or tinder mixed with water; at last sewed them up with a needle and thread! Finally, he called in anatomy to his aid, and pierced the *tympanum* of a bat with a pin—the poor animal dropt down dead in a perpendicular direction! From other experiments on the brain, he concludes that the organ of hearing, supplies their sight.

machs! I was put into a flutter; WILMOT whispered; "Was any friend of a naturalist safe in the house of one? Will he spare his friend, if he is in immediate want of an experiment?"

Our conductor told us, that this pair of turkies were Melpomene and Thalia—that the seven we had left alive were the other seven muses! GOBBO had fattened nine turkies, in nine different ways! He first crammed them with delicacies, and three hours afterwards did this infuriate naturalist, look into their stomachs, and call this, an *experiment on digestion**!

"Is this great man never hypped, (asked WILMOT) from the amazing murders, he

* Experiments like these have been performed by SPALLANZANI. He rammed down long tubes into the stomachs of turkies, geese, &c. then strong tin needles in balls of lead, then small lancets very sharp at the points and edges—what could man do more?

daily perpetrates? About his studying chair, and long table, do not a hundred blue devils flutter their wings in the forms of headless ducks and blinded bats? Are not his bed-curtains violently flung open, by screaming turkies? Does not one phantom, haunt the conscience of this assassin?"

"As for that (replied our conductor,) my master does not use himself much better, in his *experiments on digestion!* He at length came to try a very ugly experiment on himself,—it was nothing less than proving how he could digest his *food*, inclosed in *small linen bags!* But all through that week, unfortunately being extremely costive, he was terrified, whether the bags might not twist about the pylorus. Yet he heroically resisted the aid of our apothecary for some time, lest he should divide the honour of the experiment. —however "the History of Indigestible Substances," occurring to his mind, and that

some bodies had stopped in the alimentary canal, he took fright! After a proper, but most tedious process, Mr. GOBBO had the pleasure of *once more receiving the linen bags safe in his hands**.

"I own (continued our conductor) there was a time when my master had not the spirit he has lately evinced. His earliest experiments were most minutely curious. He only narrowly watched the amours of dragon-flies, and the gallantries of a humming-bee!"

"So then," observed WILMOT, "he made some cross-marriages among the Montagues and Capulets of the fly-tribe, by which several Romeos and Juliets owe their fatal marriages, to the unhappy intervention, and eager fancy, of too curious a naturalist!

* An experiment by SPALLANZANI, who, however, seems not to have been a little alarmed at it. See his dissertations, translated by Dr. BEDDOES, *vol.* i. *p.* 268.

There is a progress in a naturalist's cruelty; and Domitian, no doubt, was a collector of flies, before he ever thought of fly-killing!"

"A very tedious enquiry whether FISH were *deaf* and *mute!* put us out of patience, (cried our conductor). Over a large tub of fish, we were ringing a bell all day, or tapping at its side, and yet the fish seemed to take no notice of the naturalists. One thing we discovered, that whenever they made *love* they made a *noise;* but we never could find their ears. Dr. MONRO declared that their *hearing* is diffused over their *body;* so that by giving them a smart *stroke* on their back, you make them hear you."

"I have observed the same thing," said WILMOT, "with certain persons, who if you mean they should *attend* to you, you must fain *drub them!*"

"To discover the mode of generation in *eels*, we flayed that wriggling race alive, and

in attempting to give a *new sense* to these creatures, I thought GOBBO would have lost his own*. In the course of the summer we guillotined 423 snails, impaled 290 blue-bottle flies, and at length we were so fortunate, as to take out the intestines of a locust, and having filled him with cotton, we found he did very well with cotton bowels."

"Rather say, you have made a locust live like yourselves *without bowels*," said WILMOT †.

* FONTANA, the late Italian naturalist, declares that he has found the means of giving them *a sex at pleasure*. While they are *hermaphrodites*, if they die he can give them a *resurrection*, but when he converts them into a *male* or a *female*, once dead they can no longer be revived.

PHIL. MAG. *vol.* xii. *p.* 26.

† Listen to a Philo!

"I took a large locust of the Cape, opened its belly, and *pulling out its intestines*, filled the cavity with *cotton!* and in that state I fixed it to the bottom of a box with a *pin*, which passed through its *thorax!* It remained there for *five months*, and at the end of that

The terrific naturalist himself now came forth—He had, slung on his arm, as ladies

period *it still moved* both its *legs* and its *antennæ*.—I *transfixed* other *locusts* in the same manner, without *opening their bellies—to try if I could stifle them!*"

VAILLANT's *Tour in Africa.*

VAILLANT is a great Philo, who travels through *Africa* to discover a new *black-beetle!* and Madame *Vaillant*, a French lady who, it seems, stands so equiponderant between *his glory* and her *own comfort*, that she does not know what to think about *her husband!* However, notwithstanding the elevation of her French feelings, I think she grumbles a little, as a British lady, if she be an honest woman, would—KARAMSIN expressed his astonishment that a man could forsake his country, friends, family, and all the enjoyments of life, to wander in unknown deserts, beyond seas, that *a bird may be described more accurately. Madame* replied—Curiosity has its martyrs as well as religion. We women are destined to remain on one spot, but you *men* are often *Calmucks*, wandering from place to place in order to learn THE LORD KNOWS WHAT!

KARAMSIN's *Travels, vol.* iii. *p.* 159.

By *these men* she evidently means PHILOS, and then we see they are *mere Calmucks*, and their pursuits very significantly are called *the Lord knows what.* Indeed Madame Vaillant understands the *Philos* as well as a woman can. BOBTAIL.

do their work-bags, a small net containing some frogs*.

This Blue-beard of turkies, frogs, and snails, was a diminutive gentleman, whom hard studies had so attenuated, so baked his blood, and so stiffened his joints, that he had now become as lean-bodied as any plant in his own *Hortus Siccus;* this naturalist seemed to have too much of nature in him—he was so unnaturally natural! What with profound disquisitions, and light slumbers, the eyes of this great naturalist were as tender as a bat's, his legs as spindle-shanked as a spider's, and his voice as shrill as a grasshopper's.

* GALVANI, when he dined out, always carried such a net-bag of frogs, and introduced them in the dessert; he skinned, and galvanised them before the ladies and gentlemen. Whether such entertaining philosophy might not contribute to the celebrity of the philosopher, I know not.—He was not like Pharaoh; he would not have been shocked at seeing *his table, covered with frogs!*

He received us, however, like a Christian, and turned a compliment for my Uncle, as the county-historian. He was proceeding to give us an account of some recent experiments, when suddenly he put down his net-bag of frogs, and crawled on his knees, to a corner—there he *hunted* a couple of *spiders*, and with his long fingers glibly caught them, and gulping one down, he civilly offered my Uncle the other—who shook his head. GOBBO assured us, he eat them from his love of science; "but I suppose you prefer them *broiled* or *fried* * !"

* Citizen LALANDE, amongst several admirable characteristics, which Mr. HOLCROFT has told with singular frankness, besides that Vanity, is his foible, —" is also remarkable for HUNTING and EATING SPIDERS," but Mr. HOLCROFT, pithy and profound as he is, in his travels, does not satisfy us, why Citizen LALANDE hunts and eats spiders!—There seem to be few extravagancies committed by the great men of this age, but I immediately can tell every thing about them. We have had a number of

He now told us, that he and his friend CACONOUS, were busied, on our souls and bodies!—" He provides me (said he) with metaphysical discoveries, and I illustrate them with physical ones; that is, when we are on civil terms! But his eternal reasonings begin to fatigue. I know a secret, which will give CACONOUS's perfectibility of man the

virtuosi who have been *spider-eaters*—some for the joke's sake; some from whim; others through a depraved taste; some to shew their courage, and a few, to gain a wager. One is recorded, in a philosophical paper, to have ate all the spiders he could find, to serve him as a purgative, " spreading them on a slice of bread, like so much marmalade." Now, in the case before us, it is evident, that the great LALANDE either eats them as a purgative, or a delicacy, or for a wager! for certainly that great man would not eat them for fun, or out of whim, or to shew his courage!

A French naturalist, Monsieur LABILLARDIERE, in his Voyages, assures us that the natives of Tongataboo are accustomed, when very hungry, to *cat spiders, broiled* or *fried!* But LALANDE eats them *alive!* They dare not do this, even at Tongataboo!

last blow !—but you must not put it into your County History !"

" Between you both," observed WILMOT, " we are in some danger; but perhaps you may proceed, RE-CREATING the world as one may say, and cover the earth with creatures not of God's making !"

Here GOBBO significantly nodded, and, to our astonishment, declared he flattered himself he should, ere long ! My Uncle rolled his small eyes, with the most inflammable curiosity. " Ere long !" he ejaculated—" And pray, Mr. GOBBO, have you any thing of *this nature* to shew us ?"

GOBBO replied,—" The Italian SPALLANZANI formed a furious passion for a favourite green frog, and actually got it with tadpole, without any assistance whatever! He reared this pet, till it gradually lost its long flat tail, and its dear little two forefeet shot out, like the green buds of a tree !"

"And have you been so fortunate, GOBBO?" wildly enquired my Uncle.

"By my anti-physical experiments (he replied) in what I call "*the mixtures of kinds**,"

* The most extraordinary work of modern, or perhaps of any philosophy, is Monsieur DE SALES's "*De la Philosophie de la Nature, ou Traite de la Morale pour le Genre humain,*" in ten *vols.* 8vo. Paris, 1804. "The Philosophy of Nature!" and much more of the former, than the latter! See his notion, "*Du Melange des Especes!*" *vol.* i. *ch.* 6. As this work has reached a *seventh* edition, the Parisian philosophers are no doubt occupied by the *new creations* he proposes; from the *fruit-trees* in our gardens, to every kind of *French animals!* The antipodes of nature will swarm in the city of Paris!—Monsieur DE SALES manages a pencil charged with the most brilliant tints; reasoning with eloquence, and penetrated with sensibility; his perpetual credulity rolls its dark clouds, on the volcanic fires of his inexhaustible imagination. Had he but composed fairy tales! they had charmed by every fanciful grace, and he had created splendid miracles, without confusing the understandings of his readers!

He regrets that "the complex mechanism of animals, renders impregnation by foreign MIXTURES, *less certain,*" than he wishes! The more simple they

I am sure I could produce creatures which Adam never named. It was I who made a

are organised, the more favourable he finds they produce new forms—An almond tree, can thus be made the monstrous mother of peaches, almonds, and plumbs! "As we ascend the great scale, the mechanism of beings has less and less simplicity; and he now begins to work behind a curtain, (he says,) as nature works"—I must lift up a little corner to take a peep at the interior of his puppet-shew!

His system of MIXTURES now requires that fortitude of *faith*, without which philosophy can operate no miracles. He complacently notices the union of *birds* with *quadrupeds*—a turkey-cock and a bitch, produced a mule with the head of the father! a spaniel, *fut violée* by a parrot, and brought forth an illegitimate puppy with a crooked bill, and only two paws! He notices an improper connection between a conder, that giant bird! and a lamprey, that delicate eel!—but the champagne begins to mount in his head! Another bottle! The brilliant liquor foams in his mouth, and sparkles in his eyes!

Enough of the delirium of Monsieur DE SALES! —I tremble to tread the slippery path, placed between two gulphs, modesty on one side, and incredulity on the other, which, however, our adventurer's genius explores! The result of the *Contes bleus* he has collected, seems to be, that "an ourang outang in

rabbet fall in love with a *hen!*—to give the world neither rabbet nor hen! I have likewise beautifully illustrated CACONOUS's system of the imagination; I inflamed the imagination of a turkey, by the sight of a frog—and I was nearly producing that amiable monster—a *turkey-frog* * *!*

uniting itself to a negress, acquires for its *posterity*, more extensive rights to intelligence," and, he therefore closes his system of MIXTURES, with a hint, that if *men*, could be united to the *houris* of Mahomet, it would be a great benefit to the human race!! *vol.* i. 397. BOBTAIL.

* Such are the amours of certain naturalists! Dr. DARWIN curiously describes the effects of the *imagination* of a turkey-cock, in beholding a rabbet or a frog! ZOONOMIA, *vol.* ii. *p.* 266, 8*vo. edit.*

REAUMUR obtained much celebrity by journalising the amours of a *rabbet* and a *hen!* He has published this "progress of love," which lasted two months. The modesty and horror of the *hen*, and the persevering audacity of the *rabbet;* how in the naturalist's study, the theatre of their pleasures, he scaled tables, and undermined chairs; how he solicited the fugitive, dancing in amatory gyrations, while she in rage flew above his head; how she pecked, and how he, after

He now invited us to his froggery, as he called the apartment we entered, where we were immediately struck by the oddest thing imaginable.

We beheld a number of frogs, each put into a pair of waxed taffety breeches! To some this may appear comic, but it was really a more barbarous experiment than when he put gags into their mouths, to try how they would draw their breath—for his "new theory of *respiration*." They died in half an hour!

The present one of breeching his frogs, in waxed taffety, entirely incapacitated them

refreshing himself with an extraordinary lettuce-leaf, returned to the chase; and at length how the proud feathery insensible reluctantly yielded to her hairy lover,—all was told by REAUMUR! These amours excited universal attention at Paris; the ladies and the philos were anxious to have *feathered rabbets*, and *hens with down skins*—but alas! REAUMUR only inflamed desires he could never gratify—not a *hen's egg* ever produced a *rabbet-chicken!* BOBTAIL.

from all domestic enjoyments, and disqualified them for the great purposes of their existence. That race of the *grylli* are extremely salacious, and lacerate them limb by limb, they will not correct their ardent propensities; yet GOBBO had persuaded himself he had made a grand discovery. "Do you not observe" (said he) "how these waxed breeches have occasioned various changes in the habits of the frogs, and since they are breeched, from the most voluptuous and gregarious of animals, they have become the most chaste and solitary?"

WILMOT sympathised—"I see, that snatched from their green wives, they sit retired from each other, like so many hermit frogs. But some do not wear their waxed breeches so patiently!"

Indeed it was a piteous sight to observe the contrivances of GOBBO's frogs, to pull their breeches off; the frogs fretted themselves to

death; some excoriating their cuticle, and some devouring their breeches in madness. Ah! one must be a naturalist, with as hard a heart as that of Pharaoh's, not to sympathise with a frog in breeches!

Gobbo now requested my Uncle to withdraw with him.—The consultation lasted two hours. We heard my Uncle shriek several times, and when he came to us, his head rambled, and his eyes seemed cracked!

CHAPTER XVI.

Now crowned with wreaths an AGED COW they bring
While shouts of joy from every quarter ring;
Not in more pomp with mystic garlands dressed,
Marched Apis, ushered by the Memphian priest;
Thus powerful Colchis drenched the FEEBLE RAM,
And from the cauldron leapt a WANTON LAMB!
SCRIBLERIAD, *Co.* vi. v. 302.

A NEW RESURRECTION DAY, IN FAVOUR OF THE PHILOS.

It was not strange that my Uncle mounted his horse frightened; and on his saddle practised certain grimaces, and short leaps.—He told us, "GOBBO had discovered a new science, and could restore to life, his own turkies and frogs!"

I received this new intelligence with astonishment, but WILMOT coldly observed, that "GOBBO owed some recompence to nature, for his perpetual ravages among them."

My Uncle felt vexed at the incuriosity of the cynic. "GOBBO, I tell you sir, has made various attempts on the life of a dead man!"

"Suppose the reverse had taken place!" replied WILMOT, crustily.

"Zounds!" exclaimed my Uncle testily —"can nothing awaken your curiosity? He gave such a convulsion to the nostrils of the dead man, that GOBBO assured me he had made him sneeze!"

"If he had forced the dead man, first to have taken snuff out of the professor's box, and then sneezed, I should have considered that as more natural."

He assured us, that "GOBBO had positively offered to have done it—but—

"You met the lie half way, and civilly be-

lieved at the rate, the professor lies*!" observed WILMOT. "To that amiable credulity we owe nine tenths of what is called philosophy, every year!"

"I was frightened (replied my Uncle,) but I saw the drift of the whole discovery!"

"You saw a drift!" cried WILMOT—"I own I feel now curious!"

* Professor ALDINI, in his fourth galvanic experiment on the body of a malefactor in 1803, has indeed couched in CACONOUS's metaphysical language, with the most cautious obscurity, a result not to be read without alarm—hanging twice over, may not end the life of a malefactor.—He says, "the effect in this case surpassed our *most sanguine expectations;* and VITALITY might *perhaps* have been restored, if many circumstances had not rendered it *impossible.*" Luckily the PERHAPS was opposed by the IMPOSSIBLE! This professor is indefatigably humane; he stood under a guillotine galvanising a *warm body!* Don ALDINI has his Sancho Dr. *Mondini*—he once made "a dead dog open its mouth, gnash its teeth, and convulse its eyes, in so much, that he had *the pleasure to believe* the animal was restored to life, and in A STATE OF AGONY!!"

"When I observed the dead malefactor, I was reminded of certain recent philosophers! To make asses erect their ears, frogs dance, bulls nod—is but a first step in this new science; the great art will be to make a dead Philo do these! GOBBO is projecting such a day of judgment, and will confine it to our particular friends!"

"So you are indulging already a spirit of party! (observed WILMOT)—but if there is to be a pell-mell tustle in a church-yard, depend on it, the whig-club, will have their galvaniser too!"

"Topsy-turvy times! (cried my Uncle.) In my opinion CACONOUS's age of universal illumination has begun.—Oh! that I had been born an old man, that I might begin to comprehend what is going forwards. GOBBO shewed me, specimens of *unborn frogs!* He sent the spawnlings to the French institute, and the delicate unorganised bantlings, were

all obstetrically laid out, like so many yellow specks on a sheet of Indian paper * !"

" How the devil did he get at them? How did he see them? He must have had the nice thumbs, and speck-like eyes of the father-frogs!"

" By his microscope, to be sure! (replied my uncle.) GOBBO is a very great man; he never condescends to look at any thing, unless it be so very minute, that no other eyes, but his own, can see it."

" We live, cried WILMOT, in an age of

* One of the favourite investigations of SPALLANZANI, is that of generation. It is said, that owing to his friendship for BONNET, he zealously defended the latter's fanciful system of *pre-existent germs*. On the subject of generation, " he relates a variety of experiments, which he performed, in order to prove that *tadpoles* exist previous to fecundation, and that they are developed by the contact of an almost inconceivably small quantity of the sperm of the male." He collected specimens of them, for the university of Pavia. ANNUAL REVIEW, *vol.* iii. *p.* 831.

microscopes and telescopes, and we shall soon lose the use of our eyes! We talk as familiarly of *new things* as if they were *old*, and stare at *old things*, like *new ones!* If GOBBO proceeds, he will be but a miserable hound with his microscope! he will dread shaving himself! He will *see* the teeth of a saw, on the fine edge of a razor! A microscope in this world, will never add to a man's comfort. Now your men of sense are often very ignorant of these things, and yet they can see with 'half an eye'!"

"And I prefer seeing things with fifty eyes!" cried my Uncle testily.—"I like to look at things which no one can see, but those who have the best glasses."

"To pore on a tadpole! what care I, how it is begotten," crustily cried WILMOT—"GOBBO sympathises with a tadpole in cholic pains! How is a man interested in the philosophy of frogs?"

"'Tis not impossible but you yourself have been nothing more than a tadpole!" pertly retorted my Uncle.

"There's more sense in BULBO's monstrous sheep!" cried WILMOT.

"BULBO is another great genius!" observed my Uncle—"but GOBBO hates him because he likes every thing so big! a microscope ceases to be of any use in BULBO's hand. GOBBO delights in unborn tadpoles, BULBO in prize oxen! One wishes to cover the earth with the fattest monsters; the other sighs to grasp his, with the point of a needle!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"If VOLITION can now do something, why should it not GO ON, to do still MORE and MORE?"

POLITICAL JUSTICE, *p.* 866, 4to. edit.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF MIND OVER MATTER, BEING A VERACIOUS ACCOUNT OF A SHAKE FROM A PEAR-TREE!

My Uncle hastened to Caconous, to give him some notion of the great geniuses of the age—and to communicate a secret which he had great hopes, would play the devil with his favourite metaphysician.

Caconous, having patiently listened to the doings and undoings of our neighbours, nodded his head, pressed his forefinger on his nose, looking askew on my Uncle.

Then spoke the Oracle—"All these things relate to *matter* and not to *mind!* Nature has made her mutton, sufficiently mutton; and a natural sheep's head, is sweeter than BULBO's! A villa, of the kind you describe, is a dilettante's *capriccio*, and will be annihilated by newer *capriccios!* Your sentimental botanist, is hypothetically tender, and conjecturally sympathetic! As for GOBBO, we metaphysicians do not place ourselves on a level with naturalists, so full of particulars and particularities!"

My Uncle's eyes twinkled with the secret he had not yet the courage to disclose—my inoffensive Uncle was terrified at the bullying metaphysics of the bluff CACONOUS.

"Pray, Mr. CACONOUS," (he asked) "in what manner may a man build up a system, so indisputably his own, that no reasonable person shall ever lay claim to it?"

The great metaphysician replied, "In whatever sense a great genius understands a particular expression, we are positively at liberty to apply it, in the sense *we think proper**. It is thus I make any thing of something, and something of nothing!"

This was true—and give CACONOUS but an ABSURDITY, for his premises, and he would keep up such a racket in his metaphysics, that he seemed as disorderly as a drunken man, in a dark room!

My Uncle turned to the great Philo, laying his hand gently on the other's heart—

* We find in "POLITICAL JUSTICE" (two strangely-coupled words!) this memorable observation:

"FRANKLIN, a man habitually conversant with the system of the external universe, and *by no means propense to extravagant speculations*, conjectured that MIND will one day become omnipotent over MATTER. In *whatever sense* HE understood this expression, WE *are certainly at liberty to apply it in the sense* WE THINK PROPER."

"As gentlemen!" (cried he) "can we go on at this coercive rate? Do you still cling to your system of the 'omnipotence of mind over matter'?" There was a pert briskness in the interrogatory; and I detected his secret, lying between a simper and a grin. Even CACONOUS stared, at the unusual temerity of my Uncle. Never till now had he ventured to impugn, or adumbrate, or offuscate, his illuminated metaphysics.

So he bounced out, with a thunder-clap of a fact, that made my Uncle's brain spin like a tetotum.

"A little circumstance occurred the other day," (said CACONOUS) "that shews how I am proceeding. In our neighbour's orchard, I fell from a pear-tree. You know what a discovery an apple falling upon the cranium of a philosopher has occasioned; it set him a thinking; and Newton discovered gravitation! That was lucky! But when I plumbed

down from the pear-tree, I discovered what *out-gravitates* gravitation! I call it—*Will-ye Nill-ye!* the omnipotence of mind over matter! As I was falling, I *resolved* not to hurt myself!"

Here we stared!

"And so it happened! I came down with full calmness of intellect, and without a scratch *!"

"Then," said my amazed Uncle, "you have discovered the connection between mind and matter! My secret is not worth the telling!"

"Your secret!" exclaimed the bluff metaphysician, "something, I suspect, you have blundered on in your philosophical journey. *Will-ye Nill-ye*, is the germ of the 'infinite perfectibility of man;' it is *more* than *volition!* The *volition* of a gouty man in his

* An authentic anecdote! A certain great *master* in the school of CACONOUS, in falling from a pear-tree, insists this happened to himself!

arm-chair will not walk him out of it; tell him his house is in flames, he throws by his crutches, and flies down stairs — *Will-ye Nill-ye!* To what amounts the *volition* of a fashionable lady, three months in the country? It will hardly stir her, hand or foot! See her in town, what does she not get through—*Will-ye Nill-ye?* A whimpering urchin, who by *volition* declines all his declensions, by having nothing to do with them! tickle him, and lo! he is a classical scholar—*Will-ye Nill-ye!*

"This *Will-ye Nill-ye!* seems to be a kind of *electrical shock!*" observed my Uncle, "and if so, my secret is worth the telling! GOBBO asserts, that mind and matter, form what he calls a *magic battery;* in a word, that MAN, is nothing but *an animated Leyden jar* !*"

* On this theory depends the science of GALVANISM, according to its first great fathers. See a

" Oh, the devil carbonado that fellow; he cross-grains my finest-spun theories!" exclaimed the vexed metaphysician. Here he proceeded in a state of orgasm!

He asked us, why we were such fools as to *consent* to be sick, or to die? That a man was only old, because he did not *persist* in

letter by M. VASSALLI-EANDI, an Italian naturalist, in WILKINSON's History of Galvanism, *vol.* i. *p.* 82. " According to the theory of GALVANI and ALDINI, the animal body is a *description of Leyden phial,* or magic battery: in one part of which there is an excess of electricity, and in the other a deficiency."—The writer proceeds, pointing out the analogies. He thinks however, as is usual in every new system, some difficulties occur not easily to be got over, but calls man, by the curious philosophical denomination of " *The animal Leyden phial!*"

GALVANI conjectures, that " the nervous fluid passes from the nerves to the muscles, by a law analogous to the one which governs electricity in the experiment of the Leyden phial," *p.* 10. When he first conceived his theory, he flattered himself that he had discovered one of the most important *secrets of animal organization,* and of *animal life!*" *p.* 12.

being young. Why were we not immortal? In the approaching age of *Will-ye Nill-ye*, the whole earth will be covered with a people of men, and not of children! There will be no sexes! The desiccating power of metaphysics (for it has wonderful *dryness)* will shrivel up every lineament of sex in the animal machine; then men will cease to propagate! they will sleep without night-caps, and be metaphysicked—*Will-ye Nill-ye* *!

Here the metaphysician had a huskiness in

* See the "Utility of Utilities" for these ramblings. "We are sick, and we die, generally speaking, because *we consent to suffer these accidents!*—Man becomes *old*, because he *desists* from *youthful habits*—Why may not man be one day *immortal?*"

POLITICAL JUSTICE, *p.* 862, 864, 869, 4to. edit. Never! by metaphysicking his spinal marrow! that is not the secret!

He also informs us of "MEN—who will cease to propagate, for they no longer will have any motive either of error or duty to induce them. They will PERHAPS *be immortal!* The whole will be a *people of men*, and *not of children!*" *p.* 871.

his voice, and complained that the *matter* in his throat, was omnipotent over his *mind.* In these long monologues of his, he was often as hoarse as a creaking wheel. CACONOUS finally submitted to WILMOT's prescription of *album græcum*—such a quantity was used, that WILMOT ingeniously calculated how many *dogs-tails*, went to the cure of *a metaphysician's sore-throat!*

CHAPTER XVIII.

Verily, verily, quoth Panurge, brave are the allegations which you bring me, and testimonies of two-footed calves! these men were dotards as they were philosophers, and as full of folly as they were of philosophy.

RABELAIS, *Book* iii. *Chap.* 18.

MELANCHOLY METAPHYSICIANS — MY UNCLE PUZZLED TO KNOW WHETHER HE OUGHT TO LAUGH!

WHEN CACONOUS introduced to Jacob his particular and brainsick friend, Mr. KILL-JOY,—I thought my honoured Uncle would have gone melancholy mad. Mr. KILL-JOY always wore a sable suit; he rode upon a black horse, accompanied by a black dog,

and a black servant in a black livery. By metaphysics he had so disjointed his features, that not even hypocrisy itself, could make the contrarieties meet together, in one sweet smile!

I believe no man of such profound erudition as my Uncle, ever so keenly enjoyed a good hearty crack; a loud burst of honest laughter; he and I would sit opposite to one another in the library, holding our sides with both hands, and laughing till the dome re-echoed with the heart-beating merriment.

KILL-JOY and CACONOUS were once in the midst of an argument respecting the period of "the age of universal illumination." KILL-JOY gravely and gloomily asserted that "ten thousand years might elapse before it could take place*."

Here my Uncle gave one of his cracks!

* See preface to *Hugh Trevor*, where this gigantic philosopher calculates the great period.

KILL-JOY stamped in agony—he said he was "more than astonished to observe a true philosopher indulge in *any kind of visibility* !*

Was this an *age* to laugh in? Ought a man to laugh? Ought a man to be laughed at† ?"

* I have *laughed* a great deal within these *ten years past !* Laughter with me is a kind of *insensible perspiration,* which keeps me in gentle health, but which, as it is always going on, I never notice. However, the Philos lately have gravely checked this wholesome perspiration, and have done me a world of mischief. Mr. KNIGHT, in his ingenious "Analysis of Taste," tells me, that "I am a *monkey* by my perpetual laughter !" Laughter is an involuntary convulsion, communicated in *some unaccountable manner,* from the mind to the features of the face, and the organs of respiration; which seems to be peculiar to *mankind;* or at least to be only participated in a degree by some *tribes of monkies, p.* 408. I do not think the manner is so unaccountable; let CACONOUS, KILL-JOY, and a few more, proceed, and you will in time make *a dog laugh !*

† Mr. HOLCROFT has given us a piece of philosophy, enough to make an incision into the jobbernole of a Kantian !

" Does not the very language of the vulgar, which sometimes happens to be accu-

" I suppose it was *virtue* in us that we concealed our LAUGHTER from the objects of it—though I leave it to better casuists to decide how far *this kind of laughter*, or ANY KIND OF LAUGHTER, is a mark of *sound sense!* I OWN I WISH I COULD LAUGH OFTENER!!!—Yet I am very wrong if I wish for folly? and I do not very well know how pure wisdom should excite laughter. *Bless us!* we have many doubts to solve, and, as I fear, MUCH RUBBISH *to remove.*"

HOLCROFT's *Travels to Paris, vol.* i. *p.* 42.

Bless us! how *naturally* is all this written!—*Ay!* but a little deep *mayhap. Prithee! Tush! alack a day! heigh-ho!* Pray, sir, have you ever seen Mr. HOLCROFT standing half an hour by himself in a monologue, closely arguing himself out of his own natural feelings?

Mr. HOLCROFT does not know whether he *may laugh*—he balances between the *pros* and the *cons*—and after all I can make nothing of it! He reminds me of GARGANTUA, at the birth of his son *Pantagruel*, and the death of his wife *Badebec*. " Shall I *cry* for the death of my wife, or *laugh* for the joy of my son!—He was on either side CHOKED WITH SOPHISTICAL ARGUMENTS! for he framed them

rately philosophical," (said CACONOUS, pursuing the argument,) "describe the *painful state* of LAUGHTER? Sensible persons frequently declare that they are *convulsed*—ready to *burst—splitting their sides*—and, finally, *dying* with laughter?"

My Uncle was more alarmed at the anatomical knowledge of CACONOUS, than at the metaphysics of KILL-JOY—however, he ven-

very well *in modo et figura*, but he could not resolve them! remaining like a mouse catched in a trap!"

RABELAIS, *Book* II. *Chap.* iii.

These are mine author's authentic words; the reader might otherwise imagine Rabelais to have written *after* Mr. HOLCROFT's profound difficulties and painful situation respecting whether he should laugh!

GARGANTUA, at length, comes to a determination, which I hope Mr. HOLCROFT will, for he seems inclined to it by that honest sentiment of his, "*I wish I could laugh oftener!!!*" GARGANTUA first "cried like a cow, but on a sudden fell a laughing like a calf." May this great philosopher prove as fortunate!

tured to say, that he thought laughter, with him, was always occasioned by a certain tickling in the *aspera arteria*, a glow in his *pericardium*, and a twitching at his *diaphragm*,—as powerful as *will-ye nill-ye*—a man must be a devil to resist it! He declared that "since he had known CACONOUS and KILL-JOY, he had frequently crammed his handkerchief into his mouth, or bit his nails to the quick, and even when threatened with an explosion of laughter, he has willingly stamped upon his own toes; but some of your arguments act on me like a feather in my throat! I know the danger I run by keeping your company—I shall probably die laughing! Is it not recorded of Chrysippus, that he died laughing when an ass was invited to sup with him? Did not a Pope burst with laughter, when a monkey came to his bedside, and put on the holy tiara? There is a certain corporeal movement which

takes place with all our thoughts; some thoughts affect the stomach and provoke nausea: others the eyes, which make them redden and kindle; others (such as yours) seem to communicate with the diaphragm, and were we not to throw out the air by sudden jerks, I know it would be unhealthy to retain oneself."

All my Uncle said respecting laughter was sensible and pertinent.—Nature at times peeped out of the window at my Uncle's heart, but philosophy soon came driving her away, and closing it in darkness! KILL-JOY passed a month with us, and it was observed that my Uncle never smiled during half a year.

CHAPTER XIX.

We have no one notion
That is not formed like the designing
Of the peristaltic motion,
Vermicular, twisting and twining,
Going to work
Just like a bottle-screw upon a cork!
JOHN HALL STEVENSON's *Works.*

OF A BUNDLE OF FAGGOTS!

HOW THE PLEIADES AT THE CAT AND FIDDLE WERE FORMED—A DISSERTATION ON, INCLUDING HINTS TOWARDS ERECTING *ACADEMIES* IN ALL COUNTRY TOWNS, AND OF THE GREAT BENEFITS THEREOF TO THE CONFINED, AND THE CONFINERS.

ABOUT this time the corruscations of the PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE, like a beautiful aurora borealis, shed their variegated illuminations over our town; a little monthly philosophy produced a great sensation at the

corners of streets! Hot from its reading, and their *cerebellum*, fermented by their cogitations, gentlemen would pretend to walk out for a little fresh air! when, in truth, it was frequently designed for an opportunity of way-laying each other for the purpose of communicating discoveries, and conferring on some queer topics. My Uncle was astonished to discover in our town such a wonderful deal of latent genius.

This party-coloured fraternity would shake hands, and congratulate one another on their monthly contributions, and whisper to every philosophical neighbour a hundred odd, and occasionally alarming whims.

Although not one of these gentlemen, but in their hearts would ridicule the pursuits of each other, yet each felt he wanted a support. They were struck by the recent emblem of the SOCIETY of ENGRAVERS. To illustrate the good effects of UNION, they

have typified it, not by a beautiful *antique gem*, but by a *vulgar fable!* As an evidence of their erudition, and the curious felicity of their taste, they selected the fable of the old father, holding a *bundle of faggots* to his children—unlucky emblem! should it refer to the *collected works* which these engravers are to produce, it will then evidently signify, that THEY, are only FIT TO BE BURNT!

This "bundle of faggots" reminds me of a profound observation of TACITUS, or, perhaps, of MARIANA—that when a man cannot do any thing by himself, he usually calls for a helping hand.

This observation is remarkably verified among your PHILOS. Genius, like the LION, is solitary, while your feeble SHEEP huddle together. GENIUS has no associate; and an *epic*, a *novel*, or any other great work of invention, has ever been produced by ONE MIND! *Philosophical Transactions* require

what they call A BODY! Hence the origin of the ROYAL, the ANTIQUARIAN, and other learned *Societies*—and the superiority of MIND over BODY!

CONTOUR, who had returned from his tourifications, and recently from Italy, could never pass by a neat small ale house, on which, more happily conceived, than expressed by the artist, was suspended the harmonious sign of the *Cat and Fiddle*, without being reminded of the *Arcadian Society* at ROME *!

His conversation was ever in the tone of rhapsody, and every sentence rung an interjection! It was nearly impossible to guess at

* It is the observation of an acute writer, that "the present mode of sending our *young men* into *France* and *Italy*, tends only to fill *Great Britain* with DABBLERS in VIRTU, PRETENDERS in TASTE, SCIOLISTS in LITERATURE, and INFIDELS in RELIGION."

Bishop WATSON's *Preface to Chem. Essays, vol.* iv.

his meaning, for he had returned home with so many grand and fine ideas respecting ART, that he never could find *English* to express them. He now blew such a breeze into the volcanic minds of the ingenious men in our neighbourhood, with my Uncle at their head, that they could not sleep a nights with thoughts of the Arcadian Society. CONTOUR feeling the state of their minds, worked them up to madness, by a wild Arcadian dedication to a lady; in the true spirit of this *shepherd state of literature.* He stamped it with their SEAL of *Pan's reeds!* ratified it by the mysterious watch-word *Eubante Tirinzio!* subscribed it by what must be his initiated name, since it stands in the place of a name M DCC XC VIII*! Or does the rapturous dedication end in vapour!

* As a literary curiosity, take a transcript. Fearful of injuring its *occult* meaning (persuaded as I am that it is not merely *elegant nonsense)* I have been

As for these ITALIAN ACADEMIES, they are the exact things which we ought to have

scrupulously correct in this specimen of literary cryptology.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LAVINIA,
COUNTESS, &c.

EUBANTE TIRINZIO.

It cannot excite wonder, that the "tablet starting" into existence, and notes that "lift the soul on seraph wings," should tempt an ardent admirer of the elegant arts to enter the bowers of W——. Let me, however, Madam, intreat your pardon for this intrusion; and while I bend at the shrine of wit and beauty, permit me to lay the humble offering at your feet.

M DCC XC VIII.

See HISTORICAL MEMOIR *on Italian Tragedy.*

I have been most unjustly accused of not understanding all this! The British Critic for October, *p.* 298, slily exults, that *Eubante Tirinzio* is not a *watch-word* but a name! It is not to be expected that a writer, who has not yet been initiated into *literary*

established in our populous towns. They will prove of the greatest public utility; attracting within their vortex all the *desœuvrés*, or nothing-to-do-gentlemen, a turbulent and numerous race! whom, for the quiet of their respective towns, it is of momentous importance to make busy, and work them accord-

free-masonry, can have the knowledge of a Hierophant in the Eleusinian mysteries of all this *arcana* of all these *Arcadians!* It is my pride to have discovered some *free-masonry*, however, among these Italians!

This cant designation of *Eubante Tirinzio* the critic tells us, is claimed by another elegant scholar, besides the author of this very dedication. I grieve to see literary foppery, charm away the sense of English genius.

But it is now necessary to spread the alarm through the republic of letters! At present, we have Duke and no Duke! Is it possible that *two Arcadians*, have but *one name* like those *two princes*, who enter the scene smelling at *one nosegay?* Who is the genuine hero of these Sosias? After all I was once inclined to think, that our Arcadians might be *moon-struck;* but, according to LUCIAN, the Arcadians believed that they were *born before the moon!*—and for that reason would never receive astrology—However, let the world decide between *them*, and the *moon!*

ing to the rate of their capacities. These are the men who have engendered in this age such terrifying revolutions! In ages less philosophical than the present, they opened a vent for these boiling geniuses, by pouring them out into some newly-discovered country; the Canaries, or Virginia, or the Moluccas, where they soon exhausted their souls and bodies.—These newly-discovered islands served as empires for political-justice mongers! bishopricks for curates! regiments for disbanded officers! and estates for younger brothers!

For the quiet of these kingdoms, we have no chance left but converting them all into ACADEMICIANS!

These ACADEMIES I propose, are a kind of small BEDLAMS! I suggest their plan only to our *country physicians;* in the metropolis, we feel no want of public and private receptacles of this kind; the former are known under the title of SOCIETIES, and the latter

under that of CONVERSAZIONES! In the *societies*, men assemble to hear some communication read in that tuneable tone, which causes sleep and promotes perspiration; and in the *conversaziones*, they harmlessly amuse themselves by crunching at stale biscuits and fresh experiments, and scalding their throats with disputations much hotter than their tea.

In the erection of these COUNTRY ACADEMIES, to prevent sharp bickerings and mutual contempt, we may describe the unfortunate members by characteristic titles. The following have been judiciously appropriated by the various *Italian academies*, amounting, as I am informed, in that land of vanity, and paradise of fools, to more than one hundred and fifty*!

The Academy of Pisa was called the Aca-

* A copious list of these ACADEMIES has been given in a recent French publication, entitled, "*Eloge de Perruques.*"

demy of the *Extravagants!*—that of Pesaro, the *Heteroclites!*—Geneva was lulled by the *Sleepy!* while Alexandria, from the long sittings of its heavy members, was proud of the *Immoveables!*—Viterbo gloried in its *Obstinates!* Sienna admired its *Blockheads!* but the Academy of Macerata congregated the *chained Madmen!* This classification may, I flatter myself, include all our own philosophical Abderites; but should a new sect of *Academics* start up in any of our great towns, I shall leave to the care of the mayor and corporation to assign them

"*A local habitation*—and A NAME!"
SHAKSPEARE.

To return to our narrative. CONTOUR had so fascinated us by his whims and his antics, that he formed us all into an *Academy* at the Cat and Fiddle. A hasty truce was made between GOBBO and BULBO. CONTOUR pro-

posed to call us THE PLEIADES! which BULBO hugely liked, as they form a constellation of *seven stars* in the *bull's neck!* Wanting a seventh member, and dreading the sardonic grin of WILMOT, they did me the honour of electing me: like some other unworthy members of learned societies, I completed their number, though I did not add to their weight. We agreed to entertain one another in a philosophical way from six o'clock, till it was time to go to bed!

END OF VOL. I.

ADDENDA.

Page 187—*add to the Note.*

SPALLANZANI gorged his *turkies*, and then cut their throats! but Dr. BEDDOES made his *kittens* dead *drunk* with excellent *Sherry!* then immersing them instantly into oxygene, calculated how many minutes a kitten dead *drunk* died, before a kitten perfectly *sober!* He distinguished these martyrs to science by the letters of the alphabet. He chronicled in his Journal the various fates and fortunes of kitten C and kitten D; but in truth, a man must have the malice of a *rat* in him, if he is devoid of sympathy for the sufferings of this feline family of the chemist's.

To me the Doctor's Journal is a most woeful legend of tragical lore! The Doctor himself, however, is as cool as a mercantile plodder posting up his big ledger of debtor and creditor in his account of his *kittens!* He casts up *every minute* of their sufferings as tenaciously as that close observer of *time*, casts up his *interests* of days and months.

Take as a specimen of the regular accounts the chemist keeps, the following tolerably accurate statement:

KITTEN B.

MINUTES.

1 At first very tranquil!
2 Snuffs for air round the side of the vessel.
3 Breath short!

ADDENDA.

MINUTES.

4 In no *great distress!* (how did the Doctor know that; my poor kitten shut up in a jar of oxygene! you shall see in a *minute* or *two* the Doctor is wrong!)

5 Breath short again.

6 Scratched the vessel furiously! (I augured as much!)

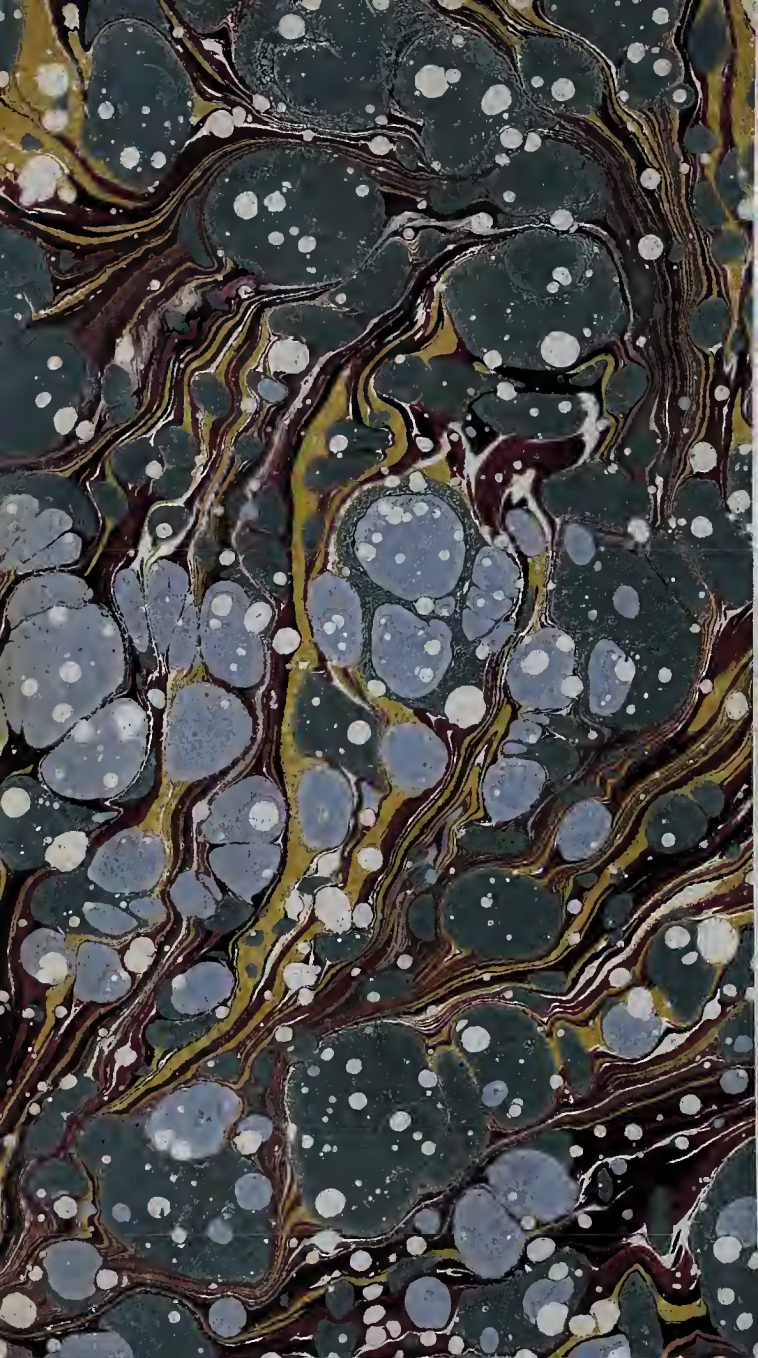
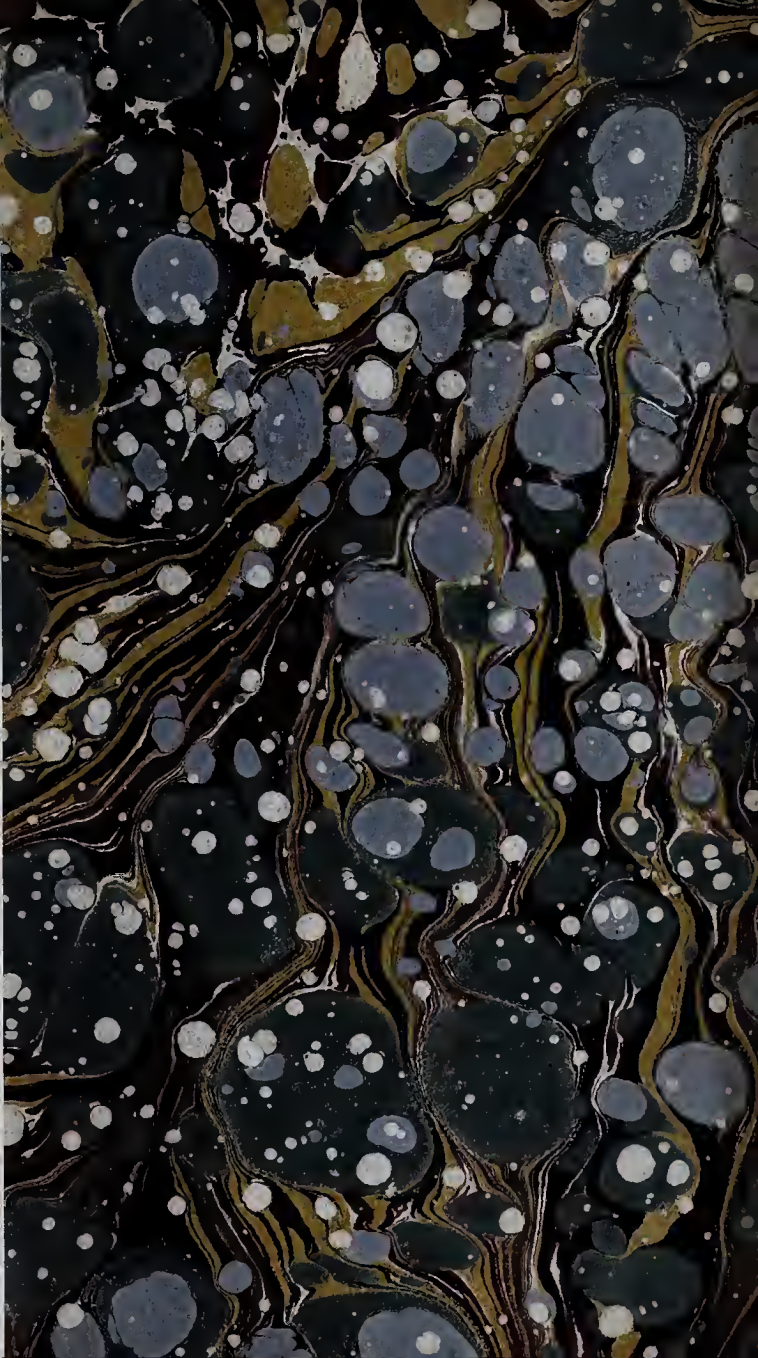
7 Can't sit, but moves weak.

8 Fell on its side! and gasps!

9 Lay *as* dead!

10 Taken out *quite dead!*

Considerations on Factitious Airs.

10 minutes!

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